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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION
February 1988
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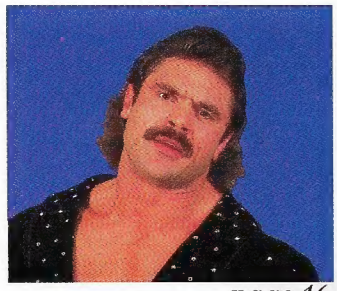

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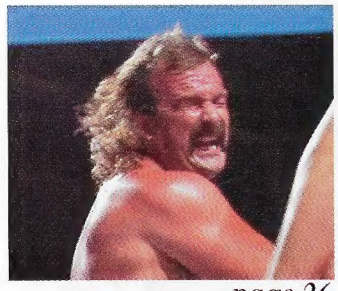

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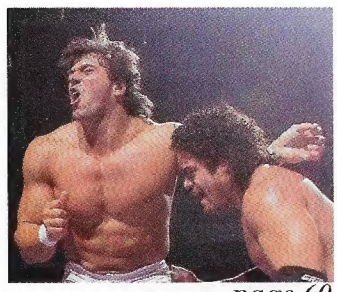

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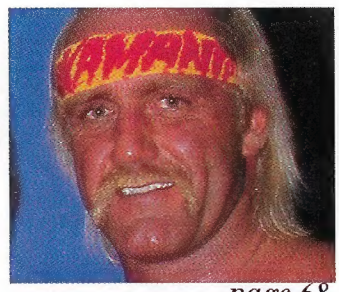

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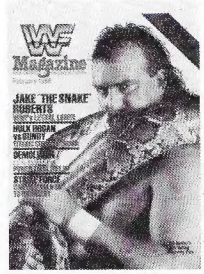

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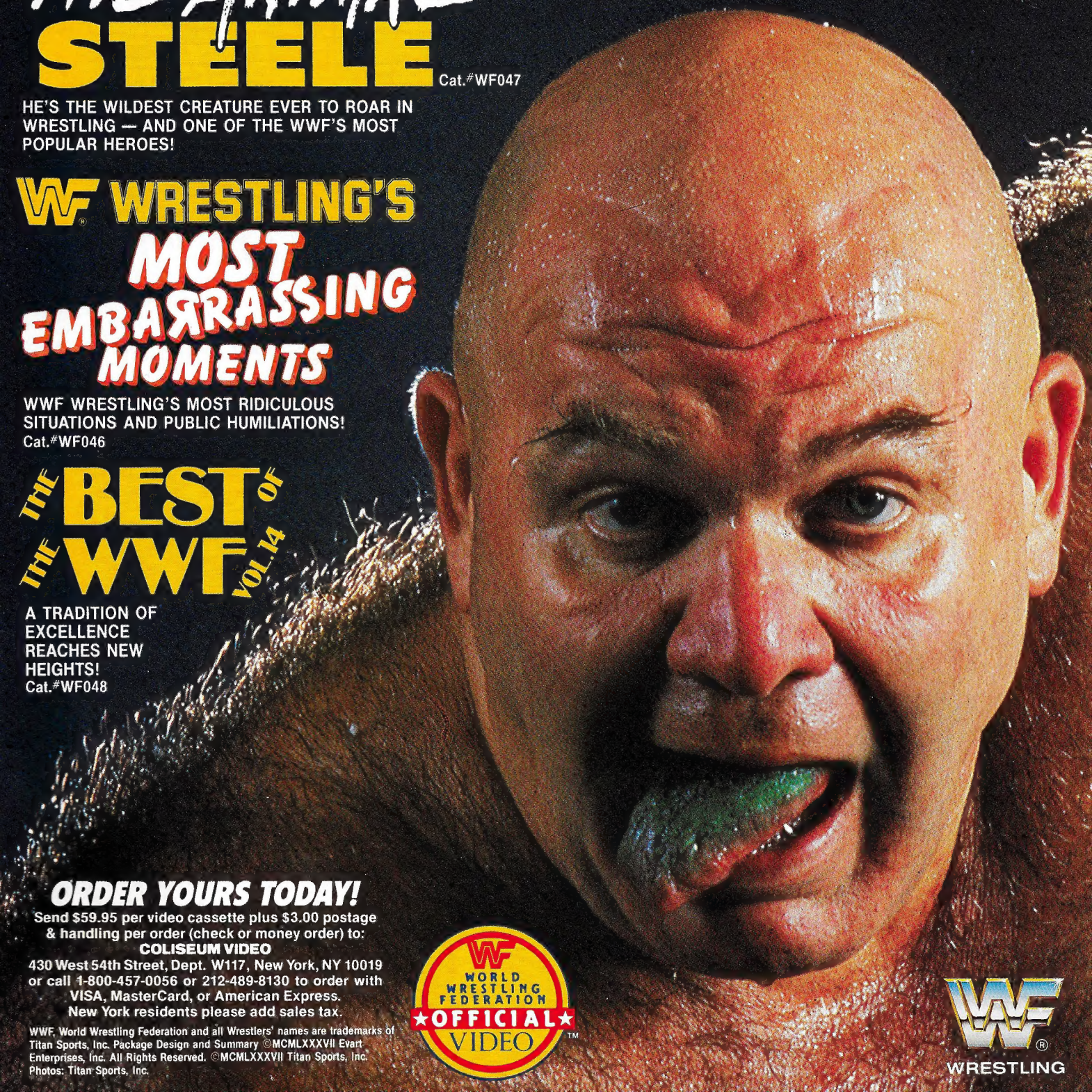

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AROUND THE RING

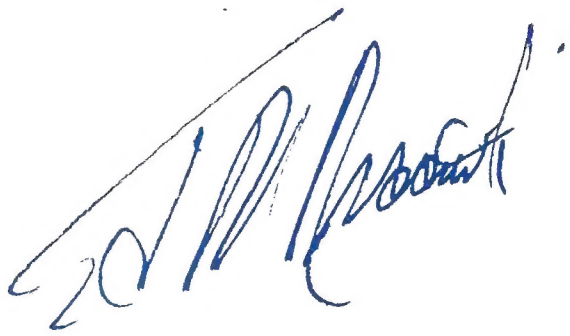
By Ed Ricciuti

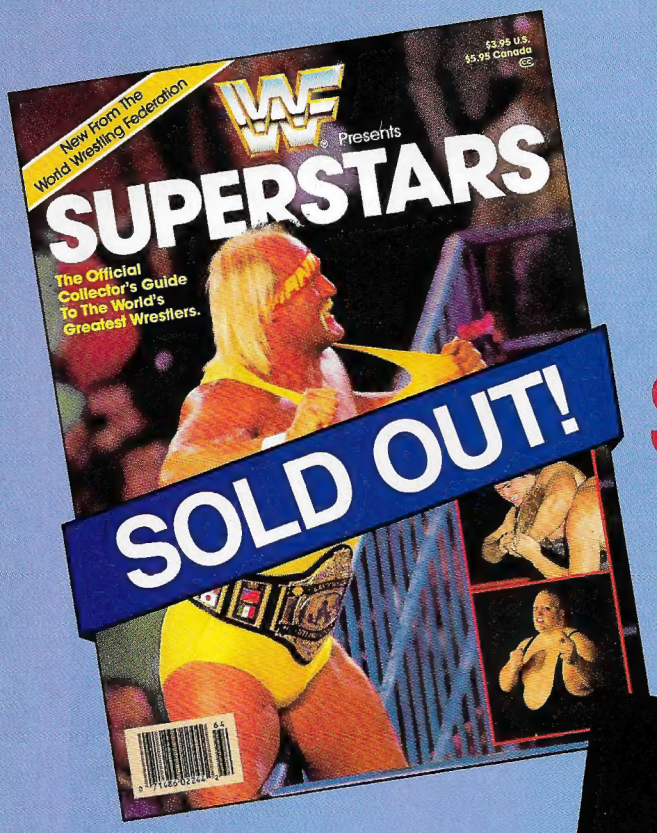
The end of March will be here before we know it. And, for the fourth year in a row, the World Wrestling Federation will present a *WrestleMania IV* spectacle, the most thrilling and action-packed of any event in the world of sports and entertainment. As in the three previous years, the fourth *WrestleMania IV* will be used as a setting in which bitter enemies in the ranks of the WWF can settle scores in front of millions of people the world over. What better way to gain revenge or prove superiority than before a global audience? *WrestleMania IV* also is a huge payday for anyone who competes in this stupendous event. And it's a time to gain fame and to climb in the pecking order of grappling.

Throughout this winter, there has been a mad scramble among wrestlers and managers to gain a place on the *WrestleMania IV* card. The word is that there has been endless maneuvering by the likes of Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, Ted DiBiase and Bobby "The Brain" Heenan to create situations that mandate their men on the card, and to convince WWF authorities that their people are indispensable.

As *WrestleMania IV* comes closer, look for the intensity of the scramble to increase and for the more unsavory types in the WWF to try every trick they know to assure placement on the card. Even more importantly, the action in WWF rings will get even hotter than usual as wrestlers try for resounding victories in hopes of receiving a *WrestleMania IV* slot. You can also count on some skulduggery in the squared circle prior to the huge event. Doubtless, there are those who will try to do away with competitors who might stand in the way of a *WrestleMania IV* contract—by inflicting serious injury and thus knocking them out of the race, for example.

The editors of this magazine will keep right on top of developments leading to *WrestleMania IV* in the next two issues. No other publication will have such detailed and inside coverage. Nor will any other publication have the exclusive photographs that we will offer. And when the fourth *WrestleMania* takes place, we'll be there with notebooks, pencils and cameras to record what happens so that we can get the results to you as quickly as possible. For full coverage of all the events leading to the next *WrestleMania*, and of the spectacle itself, not to mention its aftermath, stay aboard with *WWF Magazine*. We promise that you won't be disappointed. WF





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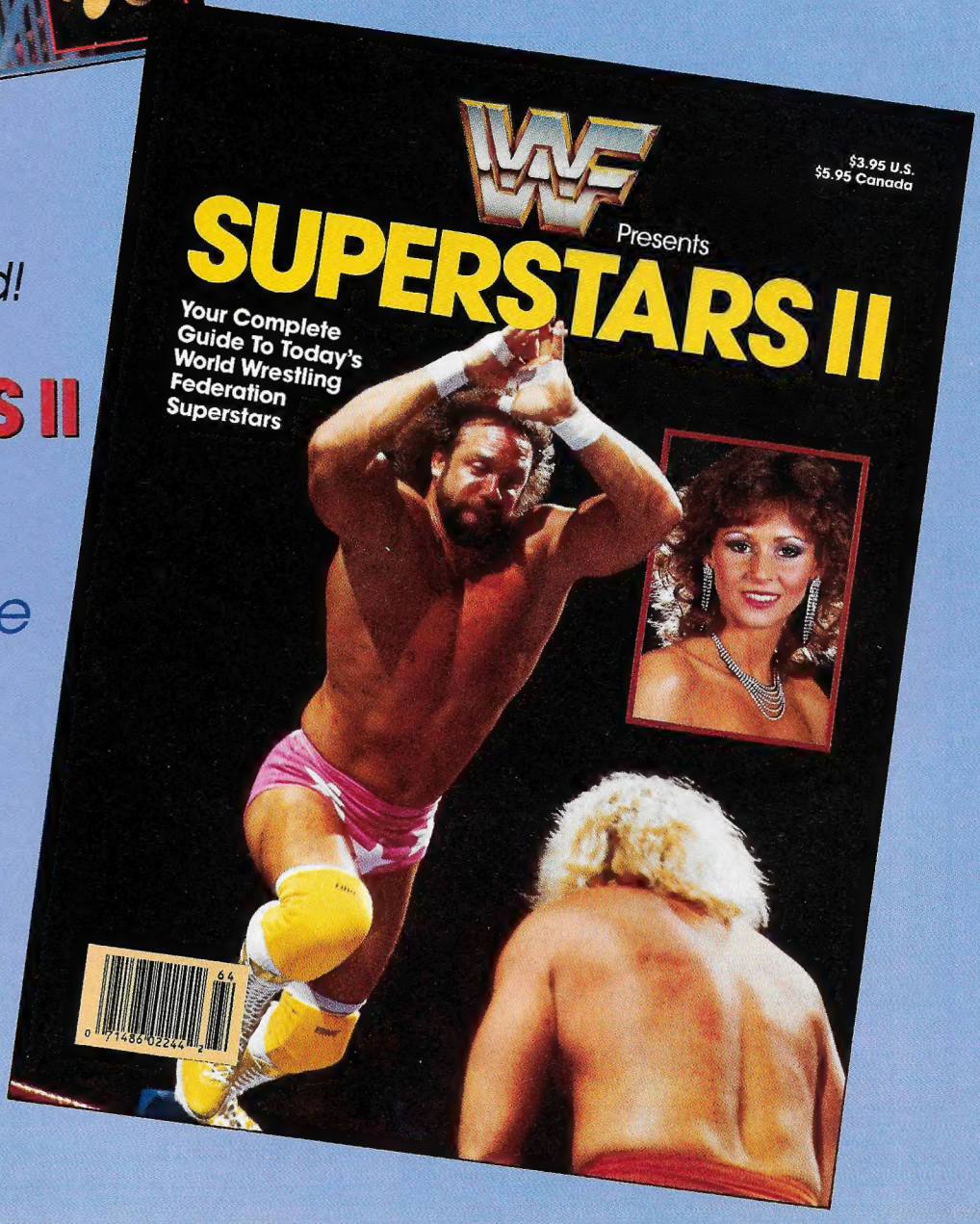

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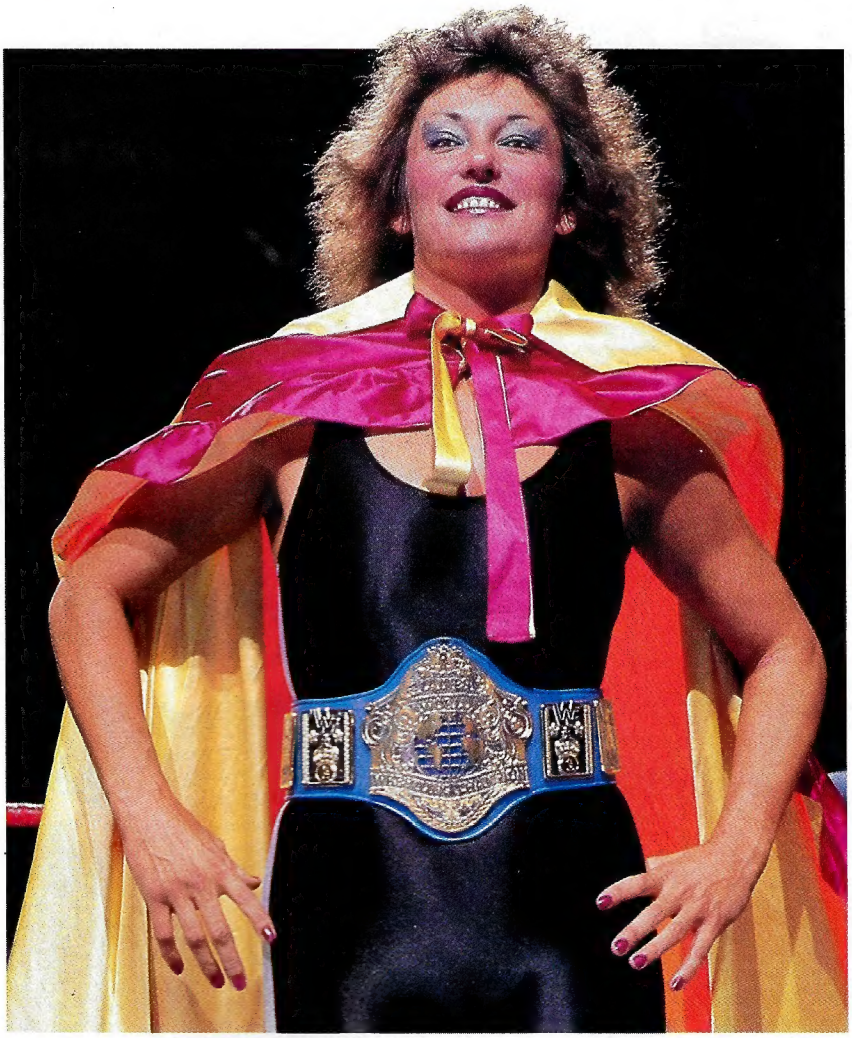
Terry Quintal of North Andover, Mass., sent us a nice letter. He writes: "My little brother, Mike, and I enjoy wrestling a lot and watch it every time it is on television. We also receive *WWF Magazine* and think it is the best wrestling magazine on the shelf. In each magazine, you prove you put your best effort forward, an effort other wrestling magazines don't have. To show my appreciation, I drew some cartoons of WWF personalities, including my favorite wrestler, Brutus 'The Barber' Beefcake, Best of luck and keep up the good work."

(Editor's note: We are truly sorry we can't use outside illustrations in *Fan Forum*. Terry's depictions of various WWFers, caricatured as dogs, a weasel [you know who that is] and other creatures in the appropriate forms are great. He has almost every nuance down pat, right down to postures and facial expressions. You've got a future in art, Terry.)

A "disgusted fan," R. Hannot of North River, New York, writes to complain about the Million Dollar Man, Ted DiBiase. "I saw Ted DiBiase call a little boy up to dribble a basketball 15 times. DiBiase kicked the ball on the 14th time. To do that to a kid is cruel."

Here's a question to which we couldn't get an answer. Chris Moore of Tucson, Arizona, says, "I am desperate to get a pair of sunglasses like Bret 'Hit Man' Hart has. He wore them on *Saturday Night's Main Event*, October 3, 1987. Any information you can give me as to where or how I can get a pair will be appreciated."



Sensational Sherri, WWF Women's Champion, has a fan in Jersey.

We asked Hart. "None of your business," he answered. Sorry, Chris.

Dennis Rod of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is a fan of Sensational Sherri. "Sherri," he writes, "I think you are one of the top women wrestlers. [She's champ, after all.] You have a sense of humor. I wish you a lot of success in the future."

Bam Bam Bigelow has a big fan in Richard Hicks of Oklahoma City. He writes: "Bam Bam Bigelow is the best thing to happen to the WWF. He is a good wrestler, and he will clean up all the slime. Keep up the good work, Bam Bam. By the way, I love your tattoos."

Cathy Lewis of Newark, Delaware, is a Randy "Macho Man" Savage fan. She writes: "The Macho Man is truly a champion and, besides the Hulkster, you'll find no better man and athlete than Randy Savage."

Thanks for writing, everybody. We hope to hear more from you and will publish as many letters as we can. WF

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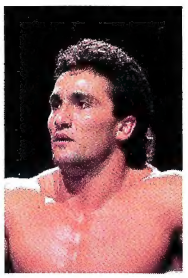
Who's My Valentine?

As Valentine's Day looms, citizens of Planet Earth are warmed with amorous feelings. Despite their calloused exteriors, the World Wrestling Federation's superstars are experiencing similar tinglings. On airplanes and in dressing rooms, the man-monsters of the squared circle—not to mention WWF referees, ring attendants and announcers—are busy scratching out love notes to special friends. To whom are they writing? Here's a peek:

Tito Santana: Rick Martel and I are very busy this Valentine's Day. Since we formed Strike Force, beautiful women from all over the world are wishing us good luck. They're calling us the Latin Lover and Fiery Frenchman. So this year I want to thank all the classy ladies cheering us on. It's very important to have them in our corner. Incidentally, the ones I've met are super-fine people. We admire them as much as they admire us.

Ravishing Rick Rude: It would be an injustice for me to have only one valentine. Every time I walk into an arena, I am surrounded by lovely valentines, who love to watch me take off my robe and flex for them. I send a special wish to all the ladies whose hearts thump when my abdominals ripple.

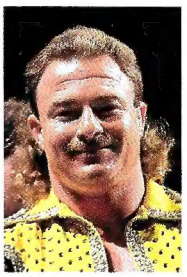
Nikolai Volkoff: Mother Russia, the land of real men.



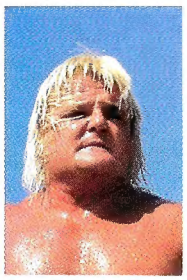
Paul Roma: Lady Luck. I can't help thinking that she was watching over Jim Powers and me when we beat the Hart Foundation via disqualification on TV. She was also there when we came very close to beating the Harts for the championship on *Saturday Night's Main Event*. The Young Stallions want more kisses from the Lady.

Bam Bam Bigelow: Dirty Sally. No, she's not my girlfriend; Bam Bam Bigelow's too wild for just one lady. She's my tattoo artist. She does pretty good work, too, I don't mind saying—a true illustrator. In all my traveling, she's the only woman I've let get into my head and under my skin.

Davey Boy Smith: You know who my valentine is already. That's right. Matilda, the purebred bulldog Dynamite Kid and I keep in our corner. Matilda's the best thing that ever happened to the British Bulldogs—except for holding the WWF Tag Team Championship, naturally. She excites the fans, barks at rude managers and eats WWF ice cream bars. Dynamite and I will not give up the search.



B. Brian Blair: Big Hazel at Hazel's Honey Hut. She gives the Killer Bees the nectar we need to buzz around that ring. Jumping Jim (Brunzell) and I visit her whenever we can and pick up a couple of jars. Hazel's a big, lovable woman—the sweetest in the world.



Greg "The Hammer" Valentine: Who's my valentine? Me, naturally. When you're in love with yourself, you don't have to worry about taking anyone to dinner or buying them flowers. I kill two birds with one stone.

Brutus Beefcake: Valentine? Don't even say that word to me. I despise everything even remotely connected with Valentine. On Valentine's Day I'll wear black. I'll practice cutting hair. Stringy blond hair like Greg "The Hammer" Valentine has hanging from his head. Better yet, if I happen to get hold of the Hammer, I'll perform another St. Valentine's Day Massacre. WF

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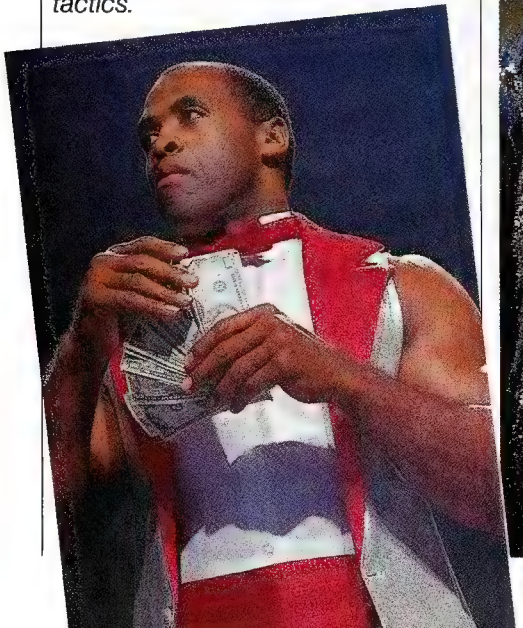
The Million Dollar Man Tries To Buy The Title

Sending shock waves through the World Wrestling Federation, Ted DiBiase, the Million Dollar Man, is attempting the outrageous. He is trying to buy the WWF World Title. Not from the present titleholder, Hulk Hogan. He has already refused DiBiase's offer of megabucks for the championship strap. Despite Hogan's rebuff, however, DiBiase is not discouraged. On the contrary, he is as full of swagger as ever.

Right: Ted DiBiase offered to buy the WWF Title from Hulk Hogan, who refused the offer. Below: Ted's valet, Virgil, counts some of the cash. Opposite: Bobby "The Brain" Heenan didn't like DiBiase's money tactics.



"I have a tremendous plan," he states. "I have found a way to buy the title without Hogan, who, in my opinion, is a total fool."

DiBiase's anger at Hogan stems from the champion's refusal to be bought, which stung the Million Dollar Man, who claims everyone has a price.

"I've never met anyone stupider than Hogan," DiBiase sneers. "I offered him a huge amount of money, more than he'll ever make wrestling or doing anything else. He's a moron; I don't understand how anyone could be so dumb. He could have lived like a king without ever working again. Now, he's going to lose the title anyway, because I've got my plan. He'll wind up with nothing."

Insiders say the financial arrangement offered to Hogan really was incredible and that it would have set him up for life. The move by DiBiase threw the ranks of WWF managers into chaos. Every manager in the sport was up in arms, feeling that through his money DiBiase was going to rob their wrestlers of a chance to take the title from Hogan in the ring.

Angriest was Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, manager of Andre the Giant, Hercules, Rick Rude and several other top WWF grapplers.

"It isn't fair," Heenan complained. "DiBiase's going to buy his way to a title that really belongs to Andre, anyway. I think Hogan's going to sell the title, for money and because he knows that sooner or later Andre's going to take it from him. DiBiase says every man has his price, and that's true for Hogan. He's going to sell out and run. We'll never see him again."

Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, manager of Greg "The Hammer" Valentine, the Hart Foundation and WWF Intercontinental Champion Honky Tonk Man, was wild.

NEWSBREAKERS

Above: Matilda, victim of dog-napping. The Bulldogs love her.

"You know what?" Hart jabbered. "You know what I think? I think that Hogan will take the money and give up the title. He's gonna cheat all of us out of a chance to get it from him in the ring."

"Mon--eey," says Slick, manager of One Man Gang and the Bolsheviks. "Tha's all this game is all about. Hogan's gonna grab the green and the boy's gonna dis-sa-pear. Easier for him than takin' on my man the Gang here."

Hogan rejected the offer out of hand. He told *WWF Magazine* that it was an insult to both him and the honor of the WWF Heavyweight title. "There is no way I would have agreed," says the Hulkster. "The WWF Title is not something that can be bought and sold. You get it only by courage, muscle and sweat. You have to earn it."

One big question in the minds of wrestling observers is

why DiBiase did not go after the title himself, instead of trying to buy it. Asked about that, DiBiase replied, "You want to know why? Because I wanted to prove to all you poor peasants out there that my money can really buy anything, even the WWF Title. I could whip Hogan myself. But for now, I'd rather let my money do it."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Matilda Missing

Be on the lookout for a female English bulldog that answers to the name, "Matilda." That's right. Matilda. The Matilda who accompanies the WWF's British Bulldogs into the ring. She has been dognapped, and the Bulldogs are frantic with worry. They are combing cities and countryside, searching, searching and searching. They have called upon all their fans and friends to help in the quest for the stolen canine.

"We're looking everywhere for her," says Bulldog Davey Boy Smith. "And we're going to keep looking until we get her back. She's part of our lives. Matilda has been at our side when we needed her. Now she needs us."

"We need everyone's help," adds partner Dynamite Kid. "We've got no idea where she is. We've looked high and low but haven't found a trace. The thing that bothers us most is that we don't know if she's all right or not."

The Bulldogs have posted a reward and have had T-shirts made with Matilda's image on them. If people wear the shirts, the Bulldogs say, the awareness that Matilda is the object of a search will spread. WF

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WWF - PERSONALITY PROFILE

THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR

The Ultimate Warrior has an awesome physique.

He could be from the far, far future or the dim recesses of the past, another dimension in present time or the deepest depths of the galaxy. He is the final fighting machine, the Ultimate Warrior—a thunderbolt of power and speed, war paint daubed on his square-jawed face, brilliantly colored pendants streaming from his limbs, volcanic fury his eyes and strength surging through his rippling musculature.

Giving his present base as Queens in New York City, the Ultimate Warrior is an enigma. His ring encounters thus far have demonstrated that he glories in combat. The harder the struggle becomes, the more his body emanates virility and a joy of confrontation. The explosive enthusiasm with which he enters the mat wars is at once primitive and yet something that bespeaks a futuristic time when perfect soldiers are bred for war and that purpose only.

The Ultimate Warrior has obvious strength and athletic ability, as well as grappling skill. But his zeal for meeting another man head on is an even greater asset. As the battle fury builds in him, his painted face looks as if it could belong to a 19th century Apache brave, a Greek hero before the walls of ancient Troy or an otherworldly swordsman out of fantasy.

Even opponents who have stayed with this man of battle for a while are psychologically and physically overwhelmed when the battle-lust burns in him. Seemingly paralyzed by awe, they are easy prey for his bodyslams and other power moves at which he seems adept. Although a newcomer, he has scored a string of impressive victories and appears destined for many more.

It will be interesting to learn more about this unique new wrestler in the months ahead. WF

The Ultimate Warrior descends on a fallen Steve Lombardi with pent-up fury. The Warrior seems to live only for combat and conflict.

Demonstrating his prodigious strength, the Ultimate Warrior lofts Steve Lombardi in preparation for a bodyslam.

CONFIDENTIAL

WWF INTERVIEW

A Talk With:

Ravishing Rick Rude

Ravishing Rick Rude claims he possesses the best of everything any wrestler can have: mind, wrestling skills and, especially, physique. What frightens many World Wrestling Federation fans is that this ruthless knave may be close to the truth. Why else was he courted and signed by the manager many think is the best in the business, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan? The Brain sees Rude as an assassin, a pitiless hatchet man of the ring, who can be aimed at Heenan's enemies and targets, people such as Ken Patera, Paul "Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff and perhaps even WWF World Champion Hulk Hogan. The first planned victim is Orndorff, who quit the infamous Heenan wrestling family after the Brain proclaimed that Rude had a body far superior to Orndorff's and, indeed, the best physique in the sport, if not in the world. This month, WWF Magazine *brings you an interview with Rude. His comments tell much about what goes on inside the head of this arrogant, cold-blooded mat warrior.*

WWF: Rick Rude, there is not a single fan who has not heard you brag that you have the finest body in professional wrestling. While nobody can deny your appearance is impressive, not everyone agrees that you are the best. Great bodies are common in the WWF. Why is yours the greatest?

RUDE: In answer to your question, it's true that the WWF is loaded with tremendous physiques. That's what makes me great because I've got the best body among a multitude of fantastic bodies. Just ask any female fan, and you'll find out what I say is true.

WWF: Wait a minute. There are many fans, female and otherwise, who would say a man such as Hulk Hogan has the finest build in the WWF. How can you compare your body to his?

RUDE: Hulk Hogan lacks my sex appeal. He just isn't the man I am. Kids like him, O.K. But who cares about kids? It's the ladies that

matter, and they adore me.
WWF: Women like Billy Jack Haynes. He's sculpted as well as massive. Do you think you measure up to him?
RUDE: Not necessarily in bulk, but I've got quality he'll never have. And that's what the ladies like. Who's a better judge of a man's body than a woman?
WWF: Tito Santana?
RUDE: You've got to be kidding me. You can come up with better than that. That Mex is 40 pounds underweight, even though he stuffs himself on tortillas.
WWF: And now we get to the man you're most often compared with, Paul Orndorff. How about him?
RUDE: I never said he was skinny. Sure, he's got a few muscles. But he's kind of smooth. He doesn't have my gorgeous cuts. And he's ugly. When you have a face that would scare a vulture, it's pointless to work on your body.
WWF: On to another subject. What significance has Bobby Heenan had on your life?
RUDE: He's had a great impact on me. He's got lots of connections, is a very smart businessman and will get me a title. He knows what I want and how to get it. And the fact that he appreciates me for what I am shows how smart he is.
WWF: Right now, the Heenan family is the most discussed sta-

Rick Rude

ble in professional wrestling. Behind the scenes, can all those big egos get along, especially considering your claims about your body?

RUDE: There is perfect harmony. One talent compliments another. Heenan has taught us that, by working together, we'll all get a piece of the action.

WWF: Maybe, but it seems to us as if an arrogant muscleman like Rick Rude would clash with an arrogant strongman like Hercules.

RUDE: Calling me arrogant doesn't insult me, by the way. My arrogance is earned. I've got a right to be arrogant. As far as Hercules is concerned, there's plenty of space for both of us in the WWF. You see, the Heenan family is like a beehive. We work in unison, with and for each other. And when an intruder enters the hive, he gets swarmed.

WWF: Are you saying you feel so unified with your alleged brothers in the Heenan family you would not demand a shot if, say, Hercules held the World Championship?

RUDE: I would. Whoever won, the belt would still stay in the Family.

WWF: Let's keep on this line of questioning. Who's top dog in the Heenan family?

RUDE: You're trying to make trouble but won't succeed, sucker. We're all top dogs; we just got rid of the puppy, Orndorff.

WWF: We'll change the subject. Was Ravishing Rick Rude always ravishing?

RUDE: The nurses in the maternity ward named me "Ravishing" when I was born. Other mothers tried to trade their boy children for me. Do I have to explain further?

WWF: You claim all women adore you. What do you look for in a woman?

RUDE: When I go out with a woman, she has to be able to appreciate whom she's with. She has to realize how lucky she is to be near me, to even have me spend a few minutes with her. And she has to be able to go with the flow of Ravishing Rick Rude and know that I can't devote too much time to any one woman.

WWF: If, as you say, you're Mr. Sex Appeal, what can other men learn from you as far as impressing women is concerned?

RUDE: Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Because they can never even be shadows of what I am. Wait a minute. There is one thing they can learn. That's to give up and get out of town when Ravishing Rick Rude is around. Hide their daughters and chain up their wives. Lock their girlfriends in a closet.

WWF: Getting back to the ring, what are your ambitions?

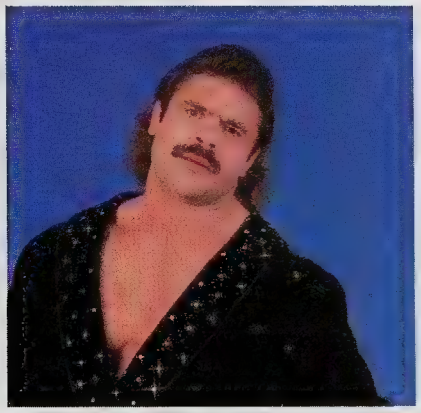
RUDE: First to put Puppy Paul out for good. Then, to go wherever I want. Which is what I'll do.

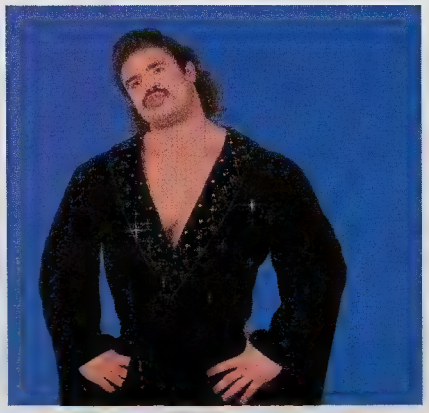
WWF: What would your life be like if you weren't a professional wrestler?

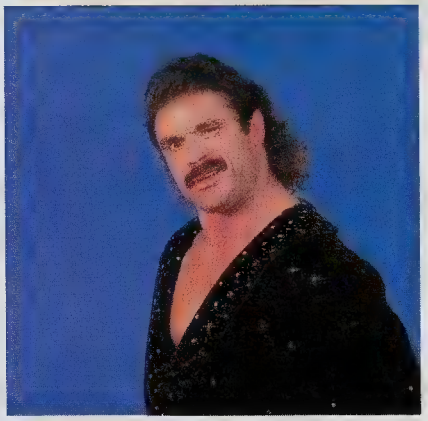
RUDE: I would do the ladies a big favor by spending all my time with them. Young or old, long as they're good-looking enough to be around me. They'd vie with one another. I wouldn't have to work. They'd take care of me.

WWF: Another question, What if....

RUDE: Hey, I've given you enough time. Take off. But before you go, here's a photo of me. Give it to your wife or girlfriend or whatever. She might pay a little more attention to you. WF







BATTLE OF THE TITANS

BUNDY BEATS HOGAN
with lots of help from Heenan

From the moment he left the dressing room for the match with King Kong Bundy, World Wrestling Federation Champion Hulk Hogan knew that it would be a case of three against one—that is, Bundy, manager Bobby "The Weasel" Heenan and awesome Andre the Giant against Hogan.

Not all of them would be in the ring at once, of course. But Hogan sensed that Heenan and Andre, who was a surprise cornerman for Bundy, would interfere from outside the ropes. Indeed, they did. Andre reached under the bottom rope and tripped Hogan and was banished from the arena by the referee. It was Heenan's interference, however, that cost Hogan the match, although not the title because of the nature of the loss. With Hogan outside the ring, Heenan held on to the Hulkster's leg just long enough for the referee to count him out. Titles don't change that way, but the loss mortified Hogan, who made Heenan pay dearly

King Kong Bundy tries to crush Hulk Hogan's back. Bundy used tactics that took advantage of his size.

By Ed Ricciuti

Above: Bundy goes for a splash. Right: For a time, it looked as if Bundy would take Hogan's crown.

for his skulduggery.

The match, shown November 28 on *Saturday Night's Main Event*, was the first of two encounters between the Champion and Bundy. The second will be in the March issue of *WWF Magazine*.

Bundy's hand was raised in victory after the initial Hogan match, but it was a shallow triumph, indeed. Bundy won the match, but the title eluded him. The events that occurred during the bout, moreover, were of a nature that both the Hulkster and Bundy couldn't wait to get at one another in the rematch

Even before the bell, it was evident that Hogan was even more fired up than usual. He simply couldn't stay still. He danced about on the balls of his feet, swinging his massive arms and verbally challenging Bundy as well as Andre, who stood alongside the ring in Bundy's corner. Andre glared back at Hogan.

When the Hulkster removed his title strap, Andre glowered and boomed out, "That's my belt."

Hogan pointed at Andre and invited him into the ring. This demonstrated another part of

Heenan's strategy: Take Hogan's mind off Bundy by taunting the champ with Andre.

Once the bell rang, however, Hogan focused entirely on Bundy. He and the 460-pound Bundy circled one another. They tentatively made a few grabs at one another's hands, then backed off, waiting for an opening. Suddenly Hulk decided he wanted action. He pushed his face into Bundy's and jawboned. The two took to shoving, and then Hulk struck, seizing Bundy in a withering headlock. It was underway, this clash of powerhouses.

Bundy threw off Hogan, who bounced back off the ropes and rammed Bundy with a shoulder-block. Bundy laughed as he took the full force of the blow and hardly noticed it.

Hogan seemed surprised. So he tried again. This time, the result was worse. Bundy didn't budge, but the Hulkster ended up on his back. Sneering, Bundy challenged Hulk to try once more. Hogan took him up on it, but this time as he careened into Bundy, Hulk smacked the big man in the head with an elbow.

Bundy crumbled to the mat, Hulk covered him, but Bundy pushed Hogan off after a two-count. As the two men got to their feet, Hulk went for broke. He scooped up the ponderous Bundy, lifted him in the air and attempted a bodyslam. As Hogan raised Bundy to shoulder height, however, Bundy shifted his weight ever so slightly against the champion. Beneath all of Bundy's bulk, Hogan gave way, unbalanced, and fell on his back with Bundy atop him.

Fighting off the shock of the fall, Hogan frustrated Bundy by kicking out but remained on the mat while Bundy worked him over with fists, elbows and feet, using the ropes several times as a brace and for leverage.

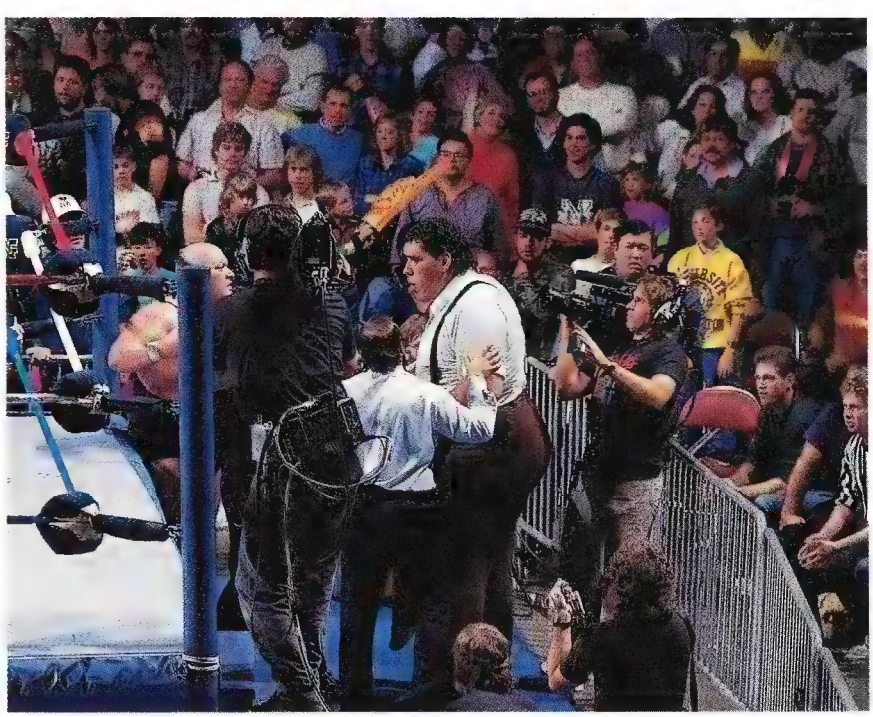
Snarling, Bundy kicked Hogan under the bottom rope to the arena floor. As the Hulkster tried to claw his way back, Bundy grabbed him, dragged him under the ropes to center ring and hammered his back with savage elbow smashes. Then, no effort showing on his face, Bundy seized the 302-pound champion and shocked him with a thunderous bodyslam. A stunned Hulk, on his back, was the perfect target for a Bundy big splash—only when Bundy came down, Hogan wasn't there. He had rolled away, and Bundy crashed into the canvas.

This time it was Hulk's turn to go to town. Coming off the ropes, he rained fists and elbows on Bundy. Bundy went down but was able to shove Hogan away before he could gain a three-count. Hogan was blazing mad. He went at Bundy and hit him with everything in his arsenal. The referee intervened and told the champion to stop illegal blows with his fists and, inadvertently, gave Bundy time to recover.

Almost, that is. Hulk was on him again in a flash, punching Bundy and bouncing him off the ropes. Bundy came back with a vicious elbow that downed Hogan, allowing Bundy to get a two-count. After Hulk evaded the pin, Bundy locked his arms around the front of Hogan's neck and head and pushed his shoulder into the champion's back. Hogan's eyes bulged from the pressure, which Bundy—his face contorted with effort—increased with each second. Sweat gushed down Hogan's face. His nostrils flared as he tried to keep breath going. He dug his fingers into Bundy's arms but could not break the hold.

The referee began to check the champion's condition. The lock was cutting off the blood to Hogan's brain and thus could put him out. The ref raised Hogan's hand, then released it. With effort, Hogan held it aloft, showing he was still conscious.

The Hulkster dropped his hand



Andre the Giant is ordered away from ringside. Hogan would have welcomed the Giant into the ring.

BATTLE OF THE TITANS

Hogan unloads an elbow on a downed Bundy. The tide changed several times in the grueling match.

once the referee was satisifed, then lifted it on his own. The muscles in his arm tensed and suddenly, as the fans roared, Hogan's index finger went up, signifying No 1. Hogan had called on what he calls his "secondary survival system"—his reserves of endurance, courage and power. Rising to his feet and bringing Bundy up with him, Hogan hit his adversary repeatedly with elbows to the midsection. Bundy let go of the lock on Hogan's head as the blows to the middle lifted the mammoth challenger off his feet. After Bundy missed a swing that could have taken off the champion's head if it had connected, Hogan stopped the challenger by sending him off the ropes into the Hulkster's upraised foot.

Bundy went down. Hogan began another attack, coming off the ropes—and went down on his face. From next to the ring, Andre the Giant had snaked a hand under the bottom rope, grabbed Hogan's ankle and tripped him.

Hogan scrambled to his feet, angrier than fans had ever seen him before. His rage was awesome; his fury, white hot. And he went for Andre until the referee intervened. Gesturing and bellowing, Hogan demanded the referee move out of the way. His eyes were riveted on Andre, who snarled defiance. Suddenly Bundy was on his feet, bent on mischief. Hogan took care of that quickly, slugging Bundy out of the ring.

Suddenly the bell clanged. The ref had taken matters in hand. He announced that, unless Andre left the arena, the match would be stopped and awarded to Hulk. This shocked Heenan and Bundy, who pleaded with Andre to leave. "Please, Andre," begged Heenan, "it's Bundy's match. Please leave. Everything we've worked for will be over"

Andre, however, didn't appear ready to do anything but get into the ring with Hogan, which would have suited the champion fine. The Giant took off his sports jacket and grabbed the ropes in his hands. He seemed ready to enter the fray, even though Bundy and Heenan beseeched him to depart. A second referee stepped into the pack outside the ring to demand that Andre leave ringside. Meanwhile, Heenan and Bundy continued to plead with the glowering, angry Giant. In the end, the Giant gave in to his manager and stablemate Bundy. Glaring and pointing at Hogan, Andre backed away from ringside, then turned and strode down the aisle, face frozen in anger. A television cameraman who got in the way was upended by the Giant, who growled and shoved his hand into the camera lens. And Andre was gone, leav-

ing Hogan to attend to Bundy.

The bell signaled the resumption of the match, which Bundy began with a ripping eyerake. Banging Hulk into a corner, Bundy seized the champion's head and twice battered it into the turnbuckle. As Hulk tried to shake it off, Bundy tried a whip, which Hogan reversed, shooting Bundy into the buckle. Giving Bundy no chance to counter, Hogan rushed him in the corner and jolted him with a fierce short-arm clothesline that snapped the challenger's bald skull backward.

Now Hogan took Bundy around the ring, dragging him from corner to corner and, in each one, introducing his face to the buckle. Groggy and wobbly, Bundy shuddered under a series of backhanded chops by Hogan, who followed up with an Irish whip and elbow smash that put down the challenger. Eyes gleaming, the Hulkster dropped the elbow on the prostrate Bundy, who evaded it. Hulk smashed into the mat and collapsed, while Bundy towered over him and bombed him with blows to the back of the head. Bundy went for a pin, but Hogan somehow got out with a two-count.

The champion was in trouble. Bundy slung him into a turnbuckle, then with Hogan face down, stood with all of his 460-pounds on the Hulkster's back. Trying to regain his feet, Hogan was grabbed in a crushing Bundy bearhug, which the champion broke only after monumental exertion—and a hard elbow to Bundy's glistening forehead.

The battle raged on, with Hogan getting the worst of it—a Bundy avalanche in the corner, a big splash on the mat and an attempt at a pin by the challenger.

That was when Hogan erupted. Exploding with strength, he tossed off Bundy, then rose to his feet, fists flying. Bundy blasted back, and Hogan just stuck out his jaw and dared him to go at it toe to toe. Bundy tried. The Hulkster blocked a right and came back with a salvo of his own. The pounding left Bundy almost limp. Hulk went for a bodyslam and this time made it, leaving Bundy gasping on the mat. Hurting, Bundy slid out of the ring. Hogan went after him. They battled on the arena floor, with fury by the Hulkster that left Bundy reeling. Hogan shoved Bundy back into the ring, where he lay flat, trying to regain his breath. Sensing victory, Hogan started to climb back to the ring. And then Heenan interfered, holding Hogan just long enough for the count-out, even though Hulk finally dislodged his clawing grip with a solid kick to the head.

Hogan teaches Heenan a lesson. The Brain had to wear a neck brace as a result of what happened.

When the announcement was made, Hogan was astounded. In total shock, he threw up his hands in dismay. Bundy raised his arms in triumph, while Heenan whooped it up in the corner. Their celebration was cut short when Hogan knocked Bundy out of the ring, then reached over the top rope and grabbed a screeching Heenan by the hair. Up went Heenan into the ring. The Weasel wriggled, squirmed and squealed in the champion's grasp but was caught for good. Seizing Heenan by the collar and neck, Hogan raised him in the air. Arms extended, the Hulkster held Heenan over his head, shook him like a rat, then dropped him to the mat. Heenan yowled and writhed in pain. So Hogan did it again, and once more for good measure. The crowd went wild. Heenan rolled in agony, close enough to the apron for Bundy to pull him to safety.

Heenan crawled to the dressing room, bawling and holding what appeared—and was later confirmed to be—a severely injured neck. (Remember that he had earlier injured his neck in a battle with Ken Patera.)

For Hogan, the beating he had administered to Heenan and Bundy somewhat made up for the loss, although the match really satisifed no one. Hogan had a win stolen twice from him had suffered insult from Andre, but at least had made Heenan pay. Still, Hulk had even more in the way of scores to settle—with the Giant and Bundy, especially. Heenan had experienced momentary rejoicing at the win, but then had been battered and humiliated. Bundy had been banged badly, although the win was his. And Andre had experienced another frustration in his campaign to destroy Hogan. The events seen on NBC television foreshadowed storms that will shake the WWF in the weeks and months to follow. WF

Jake "The Snake" with Damian.

JAKE "THE SNAKE" Roberts

A Lethal Loner

By L. Gianfriddo

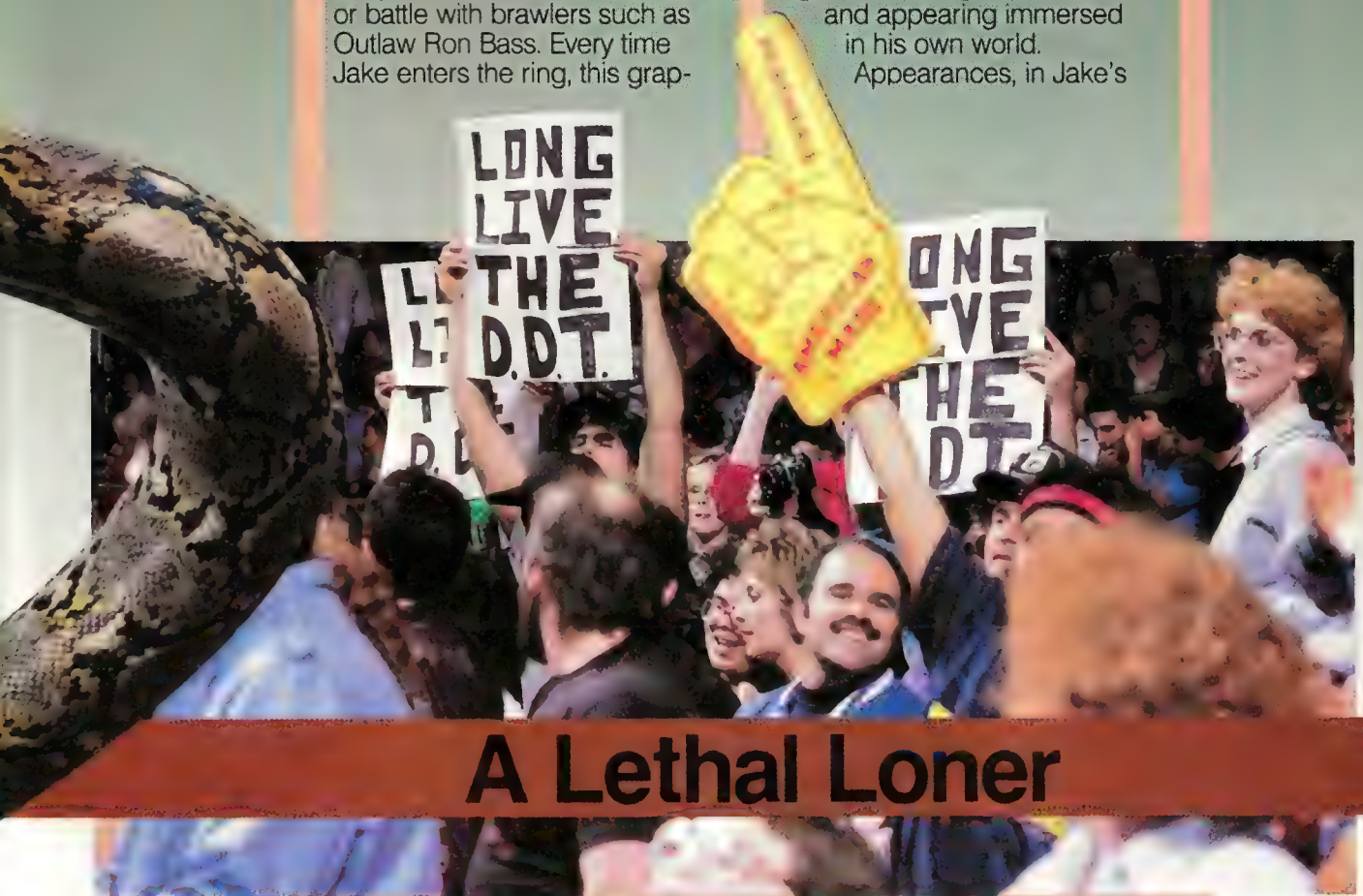
Jake "The Snake" Roberts is one of the best competitors in the WWF today. A native of Stone Mountain, Georgia, Roberts possesses winning ring and wrestling savvy, consummate brawling ability and a psychological edge in the presence of his huge python, Damian. Jake, in a word, is awesome.

The Snake can wrestle scientifically with the likes of Ted DiBiase or battle with brawlers such as Outlaw Ron Bass. Every time Jake enters the ring, this grappling chemistry is witnessed.

Tall, lean and lethal, Jake moves around the squared circle with sinuous grace. So fluid are his movements that opponents can be lulled into forgetting he is as strong as a steel cable.

He also is a very unusual individual. From the time he entered the WWF, Roberts has fascinated ring fans. He is a strange one, given to talking in proverbs and appearing immersed in his own world.

Appearances, in Jake's



WWF
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case, are not deceiving. Jake is his own man, a true loner.

"You've got to do it all by yourself in life, especially in the WWF," says Jake. "No one can help you if you don't help yourself first. So, my man, I'm my own person."

Roberts is his own person in every sense of the word. His wrestling style, for example, is unique. He slips into the ring like a snake, sliding under the ropes. This quick entrance prevents Pearl Harbor attacks before the bell. Jake gets to his feet quickly, then stares at his opponent briefly. Behind him, in the corner, lies a large sack containing Damian.

Before the bell, Jake is as calm as a rattler ready to strike. The moment the bell rings, Jake, with the quickness of a rattler, is all over his opponent.

Left: Jake finishes off an opponent with the DDT. Below: Damian on the loose.

JAKE "THE SNAKE"

Jake starts off combining speed and wrestling prowess to keep his prey off balance. Then he starts using heavy artillery, delivering chops, jabs, forearms and punches to his adversary's body and face.

With his opponent dazed and confused, Roberts goes in for the kill. Here's a typical scenario:

Jake scoops up his adversary and bodyslams him, then hauls the groggy victim up by the arm, using just one hand. As Jake pulls the man forward, he strikes with a short-arm clothesline. His short-arm clothesline is recognized as one of the best in wrestling.

The clothesline, however, is just a sample of the damaging moves Jake possesses. It is often the forerunner to his most stunning maneuver, the DDT. Jake grabs his opponent in a front facelock with one arm, leaving the other arm free. As Jake cracks the opponent across the back with the free arm, he pushes his weight down on the foe's neck and drives him headfirst to the canvas. That's all. Lights out. But the fun has only begun.

Jake goes to the sack, opens it and pours out the contents, which slither all over the fallen wrestler. It's a horrendous sight, which gives many opponents the jitters from the moment they sign for a match with Jake.

Jake's DDT is so impressive and dangerous that Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart and his main man, Intercontinental Champ Honky Tonk Man, attempted to have it banned. Nothing came of it. The DDT is still in full operation, and among its targets is still Mr. Honky Tonk.

"Ya know something, Honky," Roberts whispers, "I've been waiting a long time to get a piece of you. It's been eating away at my gut since you made me tone-deaf with your guitar. Yes, good things come to men of patience. And, my man, here's three letters for you to remember: D...D...T."

Jimmy Hart, although he quails anytime someone mentions Jake or Damian, scoffs at Jake's threats. "Jake can't beat the great Honky Tonk. Jake can't beat anybody."

Listen to Roberts on the subject of Hart, and cold chills run up your back. "The man is like a mouse you can't get rid of. So from now on I'll address that scrawny runt as the 'Mouse of the South.' Ah, that fits him, too. Mice are so timid and frail. And, ah, oh, Jimmy, snakes just love to eat mice."

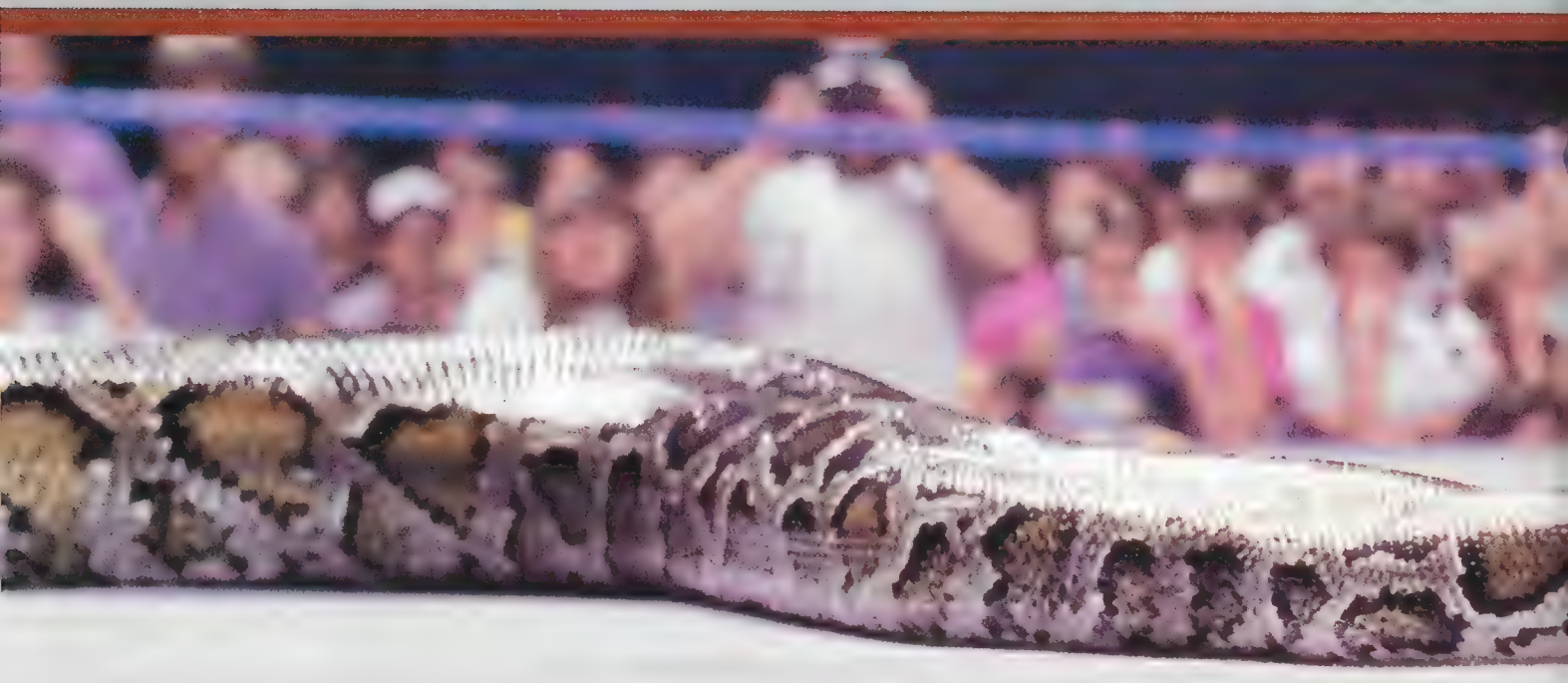
Jake may scoff at Hart, but the Snake has made a bad enemy. Jake also has another foe among the tricksters of the WWF manager corps. And that one is Slick, the Doctor of Style. Slick, who has people like One Man Gang under his control, envies Jake's independence. Slick also still bristles from the way Jake beat Nikolai Volkoff on national television, before Volkoff hooked up with fellow Russian Boris Zhukov in a tag team. Word is that Slick would like to call One Man Gang, the 450-pound Chicago street thug, out of his stable to go against Jake.

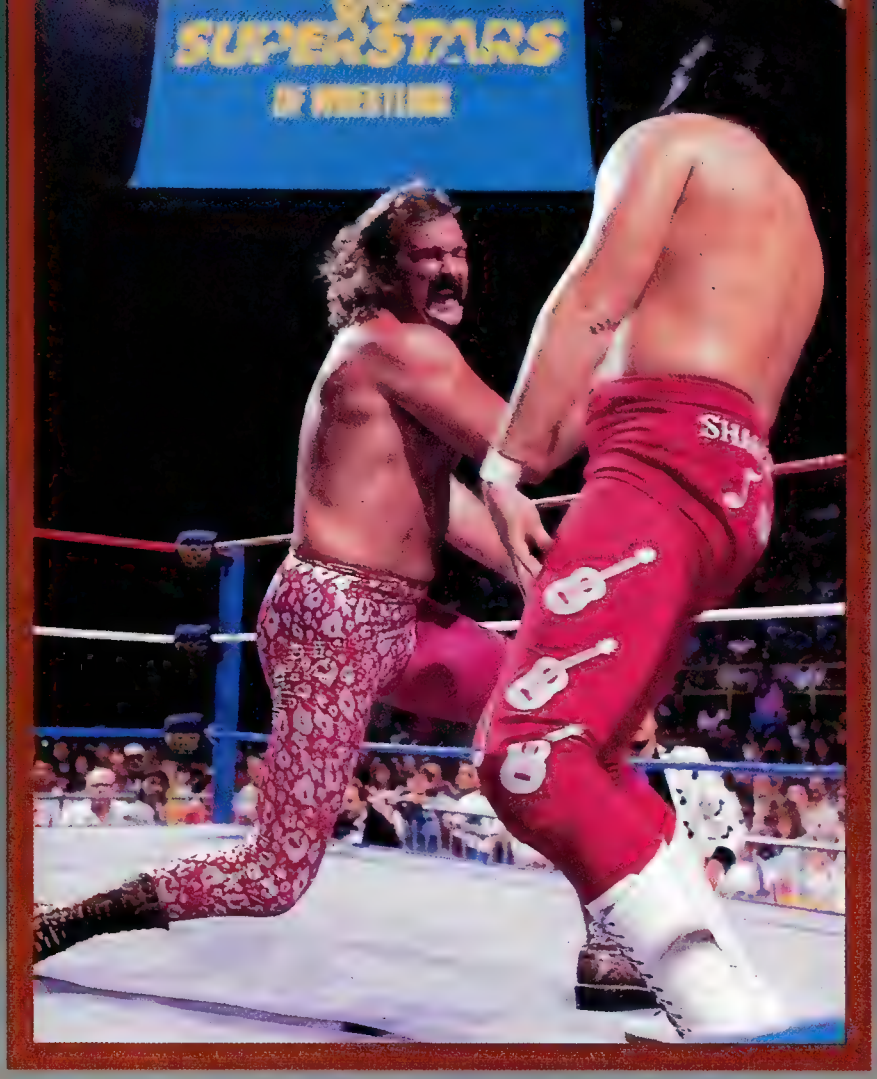
Roberts has sinuous strength, but Slick is figuring that it would not prevail against a behemoth like the Gang.

Gang thinks so, too. "Ya know something," hollers the Gang, "everybody says Jake Roberts is tough. Look at him. He's a boy on his own in a man's world. I ain't afraid of that friendless punk. I ain't afraid of that big worm Damian. Come to think, Damian'd make a good pair of wrestling boots."

The Gang is a powerful example of the type of wrestler Jake could have trouble with: huge, immensely powerful brutes, such as the massive, bald King Kong Bundy, as well as the Gang. How would Roberts do against these monsters?

Although outweighed and outmuscled, Jake has the advantage of speed and darting strikes. His





Roberts blasts away at WWF Intercontinental Champion Honky Tonk Man. The two men are bitter adversaries. Below: Damian in full slither.

leg scissors or armdrag could take a big man to the mat. But toe to toe, in an all-out donnybrook, Jake would be at a disadvantage.

Another disadvantage has to do with Jake's personality. As a loner, he has no one to watch his back. The big guys do, as does the Honky Tonk Man.

Here's what Jake has to say about it: "Gang, Bass, Bundy and any of you big boys, you want a piece of me, man? Well, I'm not a hard person to find. Sign a match with me, and I'll give it to you any way you want. Want to wrestle, I'll wrestle. Want to go down and dirty, well, that's just fine, too. Remember, size doesn't mean that much. You may think it does, but you don't have a DDT in your back pocket like I do. Hear me good. You need other people—managers—to help you. I don't. That shows who's got the guts to do it all alone."

Slick, asked about these comments, had something to say:

"Ya know somethin, brotha, wanna know why people don't hang 'round ya? Cause you can't be trust-ted, yeah. Tha's right, bro. Nobody trusts your hide. Tha's 'cause you be lower than a snake's belly. And where do you get off bad-mouthin' my man One Man Gang? Tha's the wrong thing to do, hear? Why don't you jus' slide back into the hole you came from? Jive turkey."

As he spoke, Slick became so agitated his tailored suit started to unravel.

The comments by Slick and Hart demonstrate that Jake has made many dangerous enemies. But, even though he doesn't seek them, he has friends. He played a key role in the *Survivor Series* and helped out his teammates greatly.

Jake says he doesn't care. He does what he has to. He is admired because, every time he enters the ring, his self-confidence and individualistic spirit consume everyone watching him.

But where does Jake go from here? The Snake would like to topple Honky Tonk. But the Memphis musician's attention is on Randy "Macho Man" Savage, leading contender for the belt.

No matter to Jake, says the Snake. He'll be content to wait, to take on anybody, even giants like One Man Gang and Bundy. And he'll do it alone. Someday, he says, he'll get to the summit, which is fine for him because, he notes, "It's lonely at the top." WF

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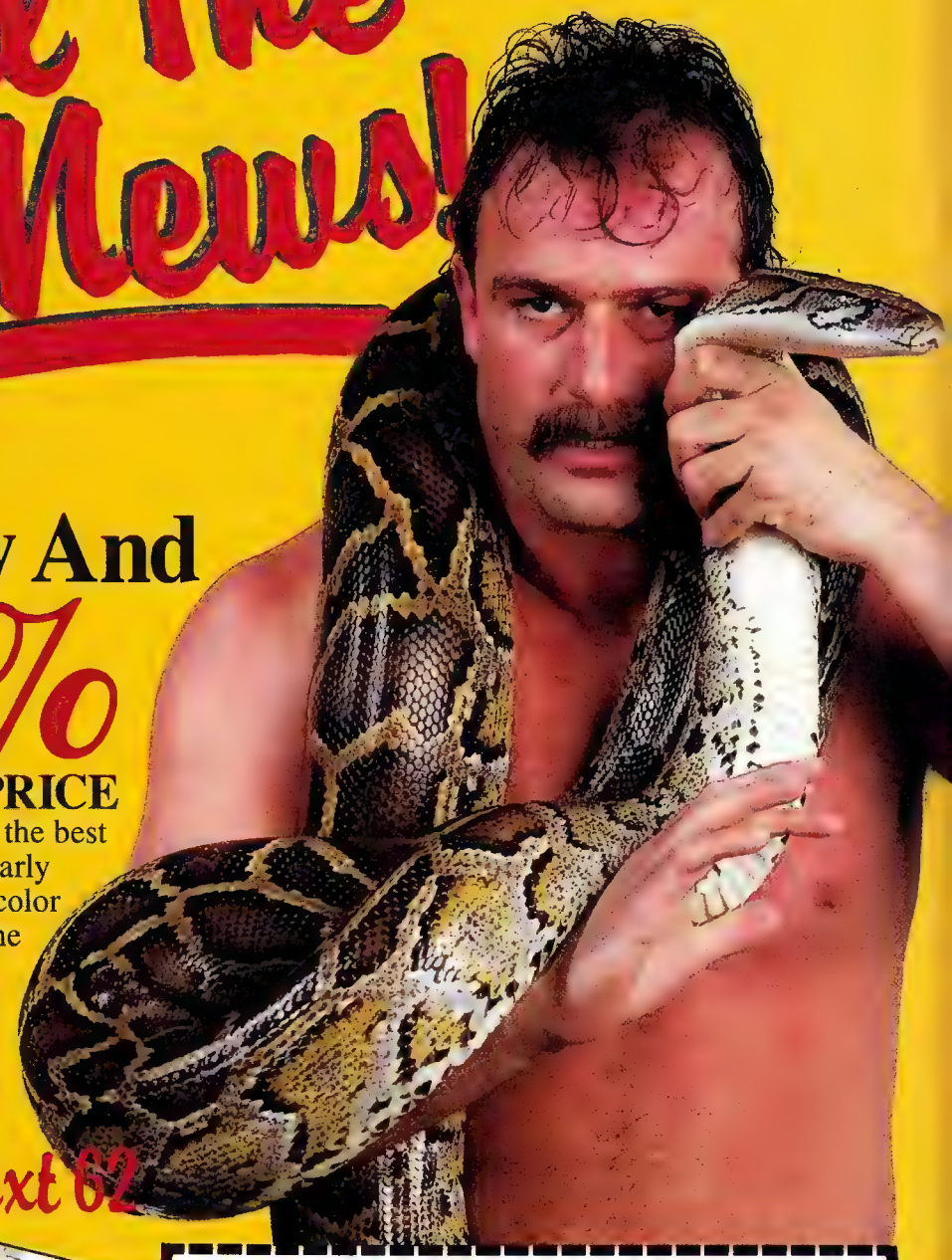

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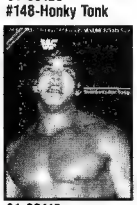

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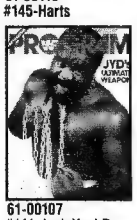

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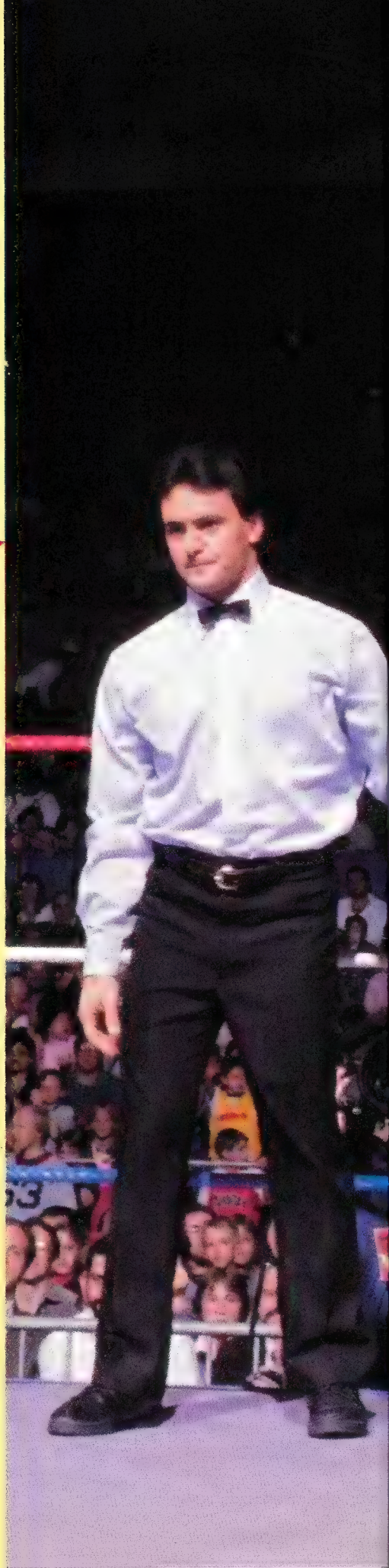
can HAYNES and PATERA STOP DEMOLITION?

By Keith Greenberg

The terrifying tandem of Ax and Smash, better known to followers of the grappling game as Demolition, reminds some history buffs of the Vandals. The reference is not to those hip-hopping characters renowned for spray-painting their street names on New York City subway cars, but warlike Germanic barbarians who trashed Europe and North Africa in the Dark Ages. They caused such widespread ruin that their tribal name became the word for people who cause wanton destruction purely for its own sake—just like Demolition. Victory was important to the Vandals, of course, as it is to Demolition; but just as the Vandals fought simply because they enjoyed pulverizing anything around them, Demolition goes into the ring primarily to take other people apart.

Strength, drive and ruthlessness—these are the traits that carry Ax and Smash to victory. With faces hideously painted, they come to the ring to the chil-



The newly formed tag team of Oregonians Billy Jack Haynes and Ken Patera. They may have the power and force to halt Demolition.

HAYNES and PATERA

ling, pulsating strains of the song *Demolition*, from the *Piledriver* album. Once the bell rings—if they even wait for the bell to ring—their actions are just as hard and heavy as their theme song.

The powerful Ax and Smash are virtually indistinguishable as they rumble across the canvas, bashing opponents and frightening fans. Their matches usually end when one drapes a foe across his knee, while the other climbs to the second rope to crash an elbow across the victim's throat.

Demolition is like the Vandals in another way, too. It seemed no one could stop the Vandals from their vicious rampages. Similarly, no one to date has been able to halt Demolition as these leather-clad berserkers have bulldozed their way over their opponents.

Those who dislike Demolition, take heart. The Vandals were finally stopped by a newly combined army of Greeks and Romans that measured up to them in every way. Now, a new tag team combination has been formed that seems the equal of Demolition in power and intensity and who can brawl toe-to-toe with anybody in the ring today. The new team is made up of Oregonians Ken Patera and Billy Jack Haynes. Ironically, for reasons to be explained below, Demolition was instrumental in the creation of the new linkup.

Haynes and Patera have vowed undying war on Demolition. The Oregonians have a score to settle.

"This is no border skirmish," says Haynes, his tanned pectoral muscles pulsing as he sits across from his partner in the dressing room. "This is all-out war. Someone is going to be destroyed."

Patera, a former Olympic weightlifting medalist, looks on pensively. "Demolition thought they had a free ticket to run wild over the competition. They're two big, strong guys, and a lot of teams just couldn't stand up to them." He looks at Haynes. "That was then. This is now."

Patera and Haynes pride themselves on being competitors. But

"Ken and I are two men who've walked a hard road to get to where we are today. We see all people as equals and try to go through life peaceably. We've had enough troubles in our time."

their war with Demolition is motivated by more than just a thirst for formidable rivals. They want revenge.

"Ken and I are two men who've walked a hard road to get to where we are today," Haynes comments. "We see all people as equals and try to go through life peaceably. We'd had enough troubles in our time. But Demolition fired the first shot. And we're ready to fire back with heavy artillery."

The first shot was not actually fired against Patera or Haynes. It hit Brady Boone, a rookie grappler who is Haynes' first cousin. Boone, teamed with Scott Casey against Demolition, was in the ring at the finish of the match and subjected to the throat-smashing finisher that is Demolition's trademark. But Demolition did not stop once they had taken care of Boone. No, they did it again and again, until it seemed they would break the youngster in half.

Billy Jack Haynes raced to the ring to save his cousin, only to be felled and doubled-teamed by Ax and Smash. Patera joined the fray and seemed to have Ax and Smash in trouble when their manager, Mr. Fuji, tossed his cane to his men, who jammed it into ligaments recently torn in Patera's elbow.

Battered but determined, Patera and Haynes returned to the dressing room and vowed vengeance. Their crusade, they said, is based on Oregon pride. "Kenny and I share a common heritage," says Haynes. "He may not even know this, but as a fellow-Oregonian, I rooted for him in the Olympics, feeling proud for my whole state when he won his medal. And now, he comes to the my aid when I tried to help my cousin. I'm proud to be associated with him."

The feeling is mutual. After spending what he calls a "shameful" period of his life in the camp of Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, Patera views his partnership with Haynes as a righteous step. "Billy Jack Haynes is inspiring," states Patera. "I admire his dedication to training and his family." Patera recalls observing Haynes tend to this blind father in an Oregon City

Demolition goes to work on Billy Jack Haynes after he came to the aid of his cousin, rookie Brady Boone. This began the incident leading to the Haynes-Patera linkup.

HAYNES *and* PATERA

Patera is subjected to some agonizing arm-twisting during the fracas with Demolition. Inset: With Haynes and Boone down, Patera is hit with Fuji's cane.

Haynes struggles to apply his powerful full nelson

HAYNES *and* PATERA

nursing home. "You couldn't help but feel stirred by watching the two interact," says Patera.

Such sentimental emotions are a joke to Demolition. "Isn't it nice Patera and Haynes like each other?" spits Ax. "Isn't it sweet they've met each other's families? It's so touching. But making people feel good doesn't win matches."

True, but although Patera and Haynes care about people, they can be as hard as steel when the need arises. These rugged veterans have perfected an array of power maneuvers, on a par with Demolition's. Both Haynes and Patera have a swinging full nelson that lets them shake big men the way a terrier shakes a rat. The two also favor the powerslam. Haynes usually presses foes over his head, then throws them to the mat. Patera tosses them horizontally across the ring. During a free-for-all, both are adept at double elbows and double clotheslines.

"Good for them," reacts Smash. "They can study wrestling textbooks all they like. But they'll never get anywhere against us because they're softhearted. Those guys are mushy. Spineless. They don't have what it takes to mix it up."

Haynes begs to differ. He was a boxer before enlisting in the mat wars and had mixed it up plenty even before jumping into the gargantuan combats of the WWF. And Patera learned about the dark side of the ring from one of the masters—Bobby Heenan. "Everybody knows that, when I have to, I can go for the jugular," Patera says.

That's true. But Demolition has been schooled by another scholar of deceit and terror tactics—Mr. Fuji. His diabolical strategies are notorious. He could be the deciding factor when the two teams clash.

The Oregonians just might try to counter Fuji's ringside presence with Brady Boone. "I'll be watching my cousin's back, and Ken's too," he says. "If Fuji tries to mess with either one, he's going to have to deal with me." Boone boasts 18½-inch arms and a 50-inch chest, plus a background in powerlifting, gymnastics and amateur wrestling, and a passion for defending his family. Patera and Haynes could use Boone when up against Demolition.

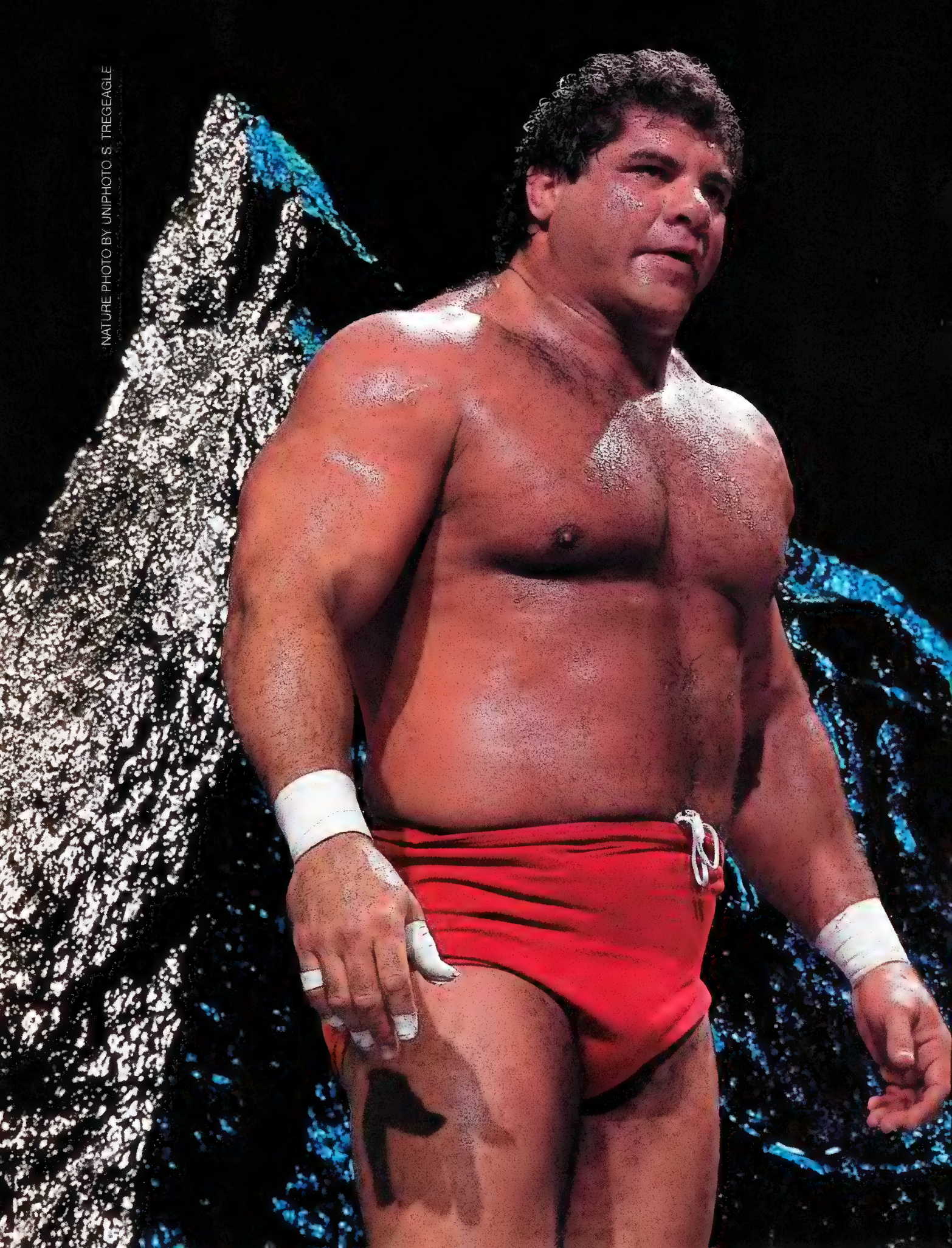
...although Patera and Haynes care about people, they can be as hard as steel when the need arises. These rugged veterans have perfected an array of power maneuvers.

At the moment, however, Patera and Haynes are working hard to perfect their tag team tactics. Their individual reputations have enabled them to get matches with the very best, so there is little time to get the kinks out in their effort to operate smoothly together. In one of their first bouts, they took on former champs Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart and Bret "Hit Man" Hart, the Hart Foundation. Patera and the squat, mighty Neidhart squared off first. Feet planted firmly on the canvas, the two locked up, attempting to outmuscle one another. Patera won the test of strength, powering Neidhart into the ropes.

After exchanging fingerlocks and armbars, they tagged out. Next, Hart and Haynes went at it. Hart rushed his opponent, hit him with a bodyslam, and then tried for an elbowdrop. Haynes rolled out of the way and armlocked Hart on the mat. Hart escaped; then both rose to run the ropes. Haynes scored the edge with a clothesline, then tagged in Patera, who put a fierce bearhug on Hart. Neidhart skated through the ropes illegally to hammer Patera on the back and break up the hold. A four-man brawl ensued.

As the bout progressed, Haynes found himself lifted off the mat in a Neidhart bearhug. Face strained, knees bent and fingers twisted, Haynes struggled unsuccessfully to break free. Then Patera decided turnabout is fair play, charged into the ring and showed Neidhart how it felt to be zapped from behind. From there, both sides shelved the scientific and resorted to gritty brawling. Patera slugged both of his adversaries, clotheslined Hart and covered him for the two-count, before Ken was rocked by a Neidhart kick. Haynes jumped in and the referee, unable to quell the mayhem, called for the bell. It was a double disqualification.

Leaving the arena, Patera and Haynes were upbeat, having passed a difficult test. Their ability to handle the experienced former champs sent a message that the two were learning to operate as a team very quickly. Given the score that Patera and Haynes plan to settle, Demolition had better get that message, and fast. WF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THE NIGHT THE ROCK RISKED HIS CAREER

Muraco Has Made Undying Enemies Of The Slickster's Thugs

By Ed Ricciuti

Don "The Rock" Muraco is one tough dude. That's no secret. He has bounced and bruised bodies around the ring for several years now. Few of his opponents can keep the Rock from rolling over them. Even those that do put up a battle find that this granite-muscled grappler with his bull-like shoulders and neck can absorb incredible punishment without flinching, then pay it all back with interest. The toughness that Muraco has demonstrated is legendary, but it has brought him few friends. Muraco seems as hard as his nickname.

Late last fall, however, he showed another side of his personality, and that's the courage and will to risk it all to save someone else, in this case Superstar Billy Graham. Muraco's deed, however, has placed him in grave jeopardy because it has earned him the undying enmity of one of the most unscrupulous managers in the World Wrestling Federation, Slick, and his brutual minions, the Natural Butch Reed and One Man Gang.

The incident came about during a match slated between Graham and Reed. What transpired was one of the most vicious and barbaric attacks ever seen in the squared circle. Even in that tough world, seldom has such calculated brutality been witnessed. It left fans—not to mention WWF commentators Vince McMahon and Bruno Sammartino—shocked.

Reed had entered the ring first, accompanied by the scrawny Slickster. Graham then strode down the aisle, to the cheers of a crowd that had gone to its feet when the Superstar's name was proclaimed by the ring announcer. Graham had no idea of what lay in store for him, the product of an obvious plot to end his career by Slick and his thugs. As the Superstar entered the ring through the ropes, Reed charged over to him, hammered him down and began kicking him.

The Natural, a sneer on his face and cruelty glinting in his eyes, drove home several kicks to Superstar's body. The kicks were not aimed at random but specifi-

cally at Graham's hip, where a year or so ago an artificial joint had been surgically implanted.

Agonized, Superstar rolled over in pain. Reed, noticing that Superstar had dropped his scarf-like neckerchief during the first assault, grabbed it and wrapped it around Graham's corded neck. Reed's biceps bulged with tension as he tightened the choke he had on Graham, who frantically tried to rip the scarf from his neck.

Gagging, Graham took a hard right to the face from Reed, who then began to kick Superstar's hip with renewed fury. Reed was without pity, the glee on his face showing that he was revelling in the destruction of the veteran star and former WWF World Champion.

All this time, Slick had been on the opposite side of the ring, leaning over the ropes, calling for Graham's destruction. Freed of Reed, Superstar went for Slick and catapulted him into the ring.

With Slick cleverly distracting the referee, the attack continued. Reed dragged the prostrate Graham to the ring apron, then jumped to the floor, grabbed Superstar's leg and repeatedly cracked his hip over the hard edge of the ring. Going for broke, Reed then grabbed a chair from the arena floor and bashed it over Graham, again and again. With monumental courage, Graham tried to haul himself up on the

ropes, but Reed slugged and kicked him back to the mat. Then Reed climbed to the top rope, posed for a moment to mock Superstar and the gasping crowd, and prepared to bomb the downed Superstar from the air.

The Natural had not counted on the incredible grit of Superstar. As Reed dove from the ropes, Graham groggily launched himself to his feet and sent a thunderous right fist into Reed's midsection. Reed was staggered and, unbelievably, in trouble. Superstar rammed into him and sent him flying to the arena floor.

All this time, Slick had been on the opposite side of the ring, leaning over the ropes, calling for Superstar's destruction. Freed of Reed, Superstar went for Slick and catapulted him into the ring. Slick went sprawling. Fire in his eyes, Graham grabbed the Slickster by the collar and pushed him into a corner.

Faced with an enraged Graham, Slick sniveled and pleaded for mercy. His skinny arms flailed. He positioned his hands as if in prayer. He went to his knees, begging and bawling.

Then Graham acted. Without effort, he raised Slick into the air and wrapped mighty arms around him. Slick was helpless in the awesome crush of a Graham bearhug.

It looked all over for Slick. Graham has squashed men three times the size of Slick in that bearhug. But Slick had reserves in the wings. Across the ring, behind Graham's back, the monstrous One Man Gang appeared, crossed to the Superstar and cracked a double axhandle to the back of his neck. Graham went down under the horrendous impact. He was all but out cold.

By this time Reed was back in the ring. Moving quickly, before Graham could regain his senses, Reed grabbed his legs while Slick held the Superstar's massive arms. Even the brutality that had happened earlier paled before what transpired next. Coming off the ropes, the 450-pound body of the Gang avalanched down on Graham, the full force of it all targeted on that damaged hip. There was more to come as Gang did it twice more. The crowd, screaming itself hoarse in desperation, knew Graham could not survive much more of that overwhelming punishment.

Enter Muraco, who had won the match before the Reed-Graham encounter, had almost reached the dressing room when he heard what was happening in the ring. He rushed down the aisle and exploded into the ring,

Left: The Natural Butch Reed chokes Superstar Billy Graham with his own scarf before the bell. Right: Slick pleads for mercy from Graham.

heading right for Reed, who then suffered a ferocious beating at the hands of the Rock.

While the Rock was tending to Reed, however, Gang kicked Graham out of the ring. Superstar hit the cement floor hard and lay motionless. Two medical aides quickly came to Graham's side and attempted to put his huge body on a stretcher. Meanwhile, Reed had cut and run from Muraco's furious assault. The Rock rushed to Graham's side and tended to him as he was placed on the stretcher.

Astoundingly, however, Reed still wanted a piece of Graham and was willing to risk the Rock's anger to get it. Reed ran up behind Muraco, who was bent over Graham, and gave Superstar a shot with a foot. Muraco shoved Reed away and went after him. Muscling Reed against the ring, Muraco banged his face into it. But now it was Gang's turn to attack Graham. The Gang grabbed the stretcher and dumped Graham to the floor.

For the Rock, the risk is not over. Slick, Reed and the Gang have sworn to get him.

The Rock could not contend with all his enemies. If he turned to tackle Reed, for instance, Graham was vulnerable to Slick and Gang. Even so, Muraco kept turning from one to the other, until the medical attendants managed to get Graham back on the stretcher and rush him to the dressing room.

At that point, Slick and company left the scene, and Muraco went back to check on Graham's condition. The beating had left Graham sorely injured, enough so that he may not be able to return to the ring. Slick may have achieved his goal of ending Graham's WWF career.

Another career could have been ended that night, too. With the attack simultaneously by the Gang and Reed, even Muraco could have been seriously injured. But the Rock took the chance. Why?

"Maybe I'm no Boy Scout who

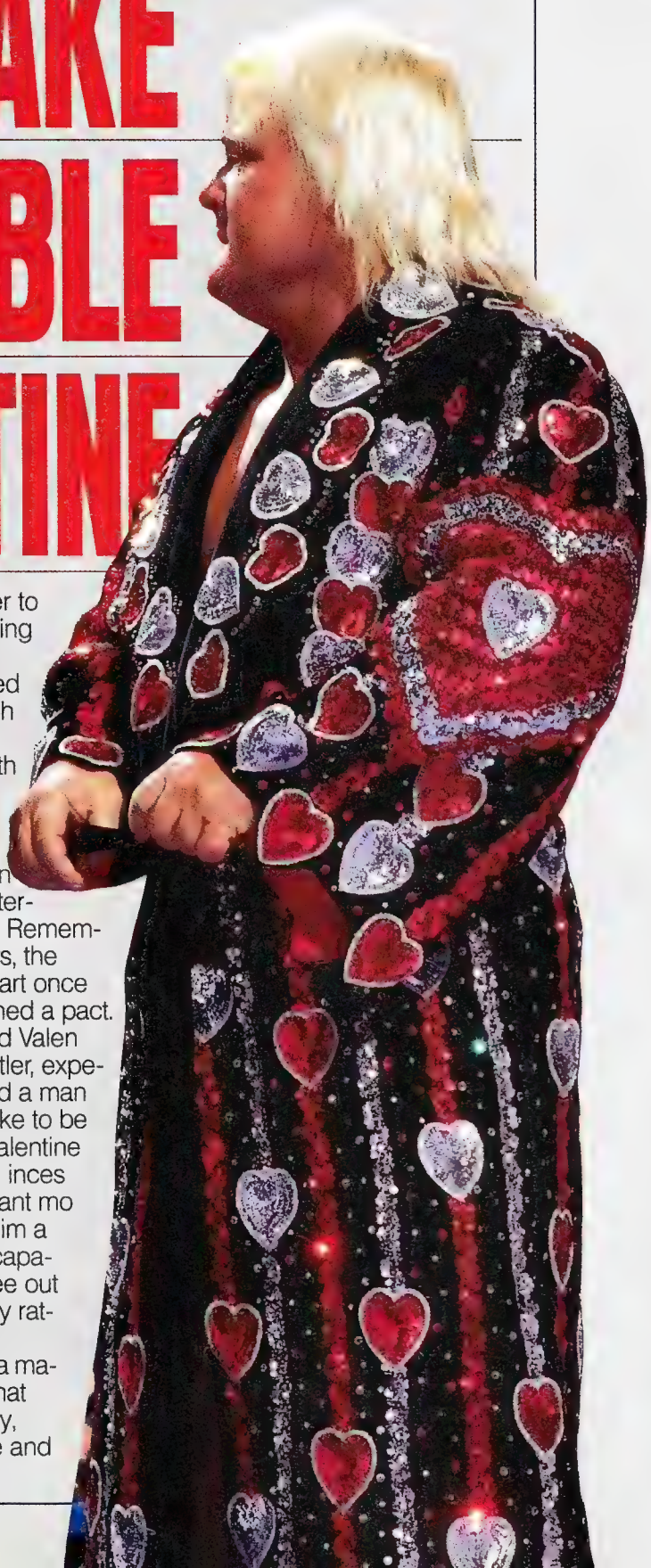
Far Left: Reed and Slick stretch out Graham for an attack by One Man Gang. Above: The Rock and Reed tangle during the rescue. Left: The Rock is now the target of the Natural and the Gang

helps old ladies across the street," he says, "but there's no way I'm going to let a dirty, vicious attack on a great fellow wrestler like Billy happen. There are some times where you've got to act, no matter what you risk."

For the Rock, the risk is not over. Slick, Reed and Gang have sworn to get him, just as they did Graham. The way they'll do it, insiders say, is to get the Rock into the ring with Reed, or possibly Gang, and then, one way or the other, mob him. The Rock cannot run from Reed, nor from Gang. He will have to remember that, when he enters the ring with either of them, the other will be ready to stab him in the back. WF

Brutus "The Barber" and his tools of the trade. Opposite: Greg "The Hammer" Valentine.

WHY BEEFCAKE MUST HUMBLE GREG VALENTINE



Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake is a man with a mission. A mission that drives him as nothing has ever done before. His goal is simple, but very difficult to achieve, even for a wrestler of his size, strength and skill. Brutus must thoroughly whip and humble Greg "The Hammer" Valentine.

Valentine, who with Beefcake once held the World Wrestling Federation Tag Team Title, is now Beefcake's arch-foe. Since they parted, quite a while back, there has been bad blood between the two, but never the way it is now. The feud between the two veteran wrestlers is so fierce it could end with one of them being ousted from wrestling forever.

For Brutus, the war with Valentine must end with a total Beefcake victory or, friends of Beefcake say, the Barber will never be able to look at himself in the mirror without flinching. Why should a man who has proved himself a legitimate star time and time again feel this way? It's because of an injury that Valentine inflicted on Brutus less than two months ago, a deliberate attempt by the Hammer to ruin Beefcake's grappling career.

The incident occurred in Valentine's first match after signing up with manager Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart. Fans will remember that the two were linked up in the past, when Valentine was WWF Intercontinental Champion. Remembering those glory days, the Hammer sought out Hart once more, and the two signed a pact. Hart has always viewed Valentine as a premier wrestler, experienced and tough, and a man who knows what it is like to be a champion. In Hart, Valentine has a manager whose incessant chatter and constant motion at ringside make him a master of distraction, capable of taking the referee out of the match and totally rattling the opposition.

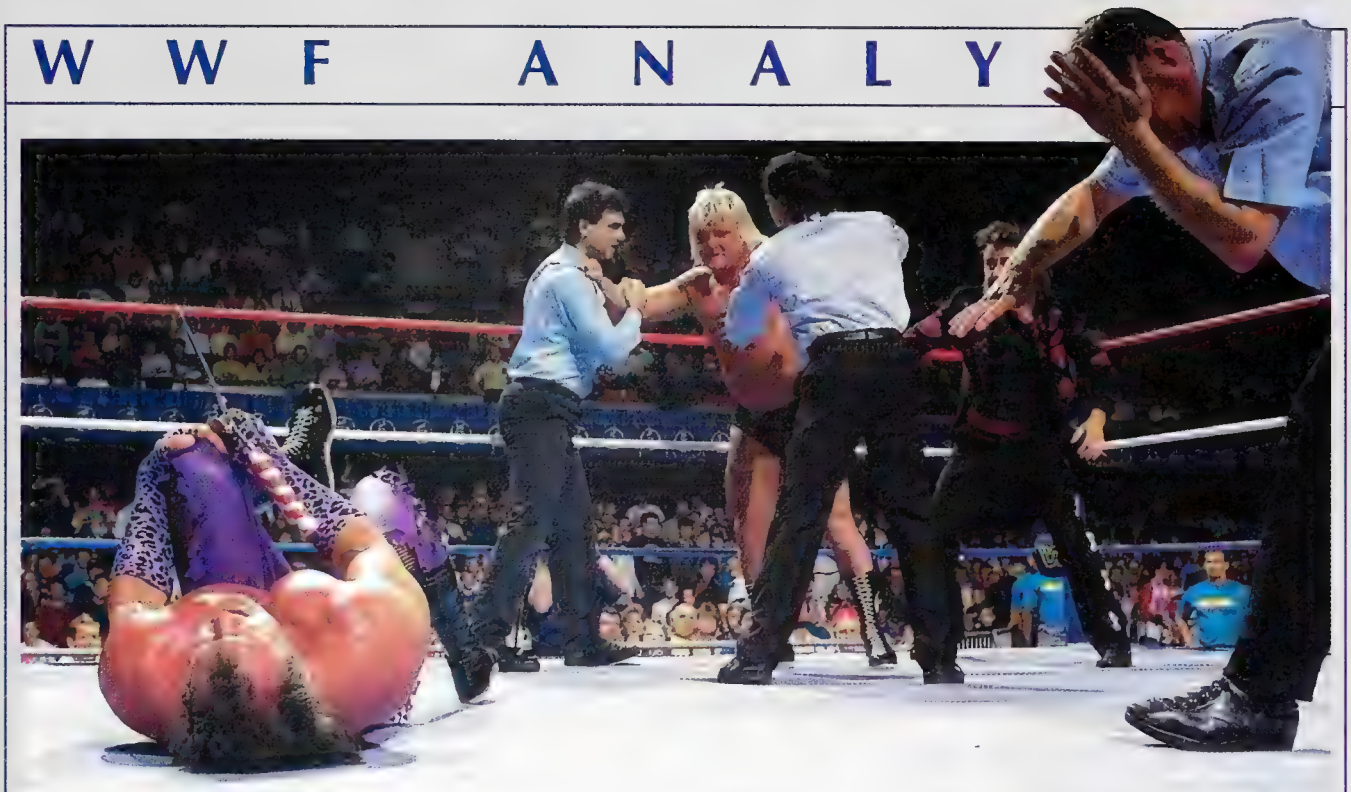
Hart, in fact, played a major part in the events that led to Beefcake's injury, which was to the knee and left Beefcake limping.

Valentine struggled to stay awake, but finally Brutus rode him down to the canvas. The referee, meanwhile, was still out cold and, caught in the sleeper, Valentine was about to join him, Then Hart grabbed Beefcake's barber shears from the corner and tried to club Brutus. He, in turn, let go of Valentine and tossed Hart out of the ring. The shears fell to the canvas. By this time, Valentine had recovered, jumped Beefcake from behind and locked on the feared figure-four leglock, which has broken scores of opponents. For Beefcake, the hold was pure agony. Brutus writhed in pain as Valentine put on relentless pressure, snapping the leg several times to put the most stress on the knee. The referee had been knocked out, and Valentine continued relentlessly to apply the figure-four. With no referee to signal an end to the match, Beefcake's only hope was to be able to reach his trimming shears which lay a few inches from him in the ring. Even as he endured incredible pain, he was able to inch across the mat, desperately reaching for his shears. This tactic was observed by Jimmy Hart, who climbed into the ring and began making his way over to the shears. Just as Hart dove to grab them, Beefcake's hand locked around the handle and yanked the shears away. Valentine

Above: Brutus puts the sleeper on the Hammer. Right: Valentine goes to town with his fearsome figure four leglock.

The bad blood between the two ex-partners was evident from the first. The opponents frequently stood toe to toe and engaged in brutal slugfests. The referee, caught in the middle of one of these brawls, was knocked unconscious, leading to the eventual disqualification of both wrestlers.

Finally, Beefcake spun Valentine around, and grabbed him in the patented barbershop sleeper.



His leg injured by Valentine's figure four, Brutus writhes in agony while officials hold off Valentine.

released the figure-four at the sight of the menacing shears, but then he realized Beefcake could not stand. The figure-four had done its work. Beefcake saved himself from further injury but the damage was already done.

Since then, Valentine and Hart have been ridiculing Beefcake. "Man," snipes Hart, "Beefcake is used up. He's good for nothin' but hairdressing, baby. He ought to stay in the beauty parlor and fix up hair on fat women. We showed once and for all that Beefcake is a wimp."

Valentine adds fuel to the fire. "When I had Beefcake in my figure-four, man, I knew I had the power over him. I felt him try to stop me, and he couldn't. He buckled. He doesn't have the strength or the heart to stop me. My figure-four has put fear in his soul. Every time we meet in the ring, all I've got to do is stare in his eyes and chill him. He knows I can destroy him. He knows he can't stay in the ring with me and not get hurt. He's mine, baby, all mine."

Those kind of comments are why Beefcake must humble Valentine. Whether or not Beefcake believes it in his heart of hearts, Valentine's claims of superiority could drastically damage Beefcake's reputation, and that could hurt him against other opponents. Potential adversaries might think, "If Valentine can hurt Beefcake, why can't I?" The psychological advantage to Brutus' opposition is immense.

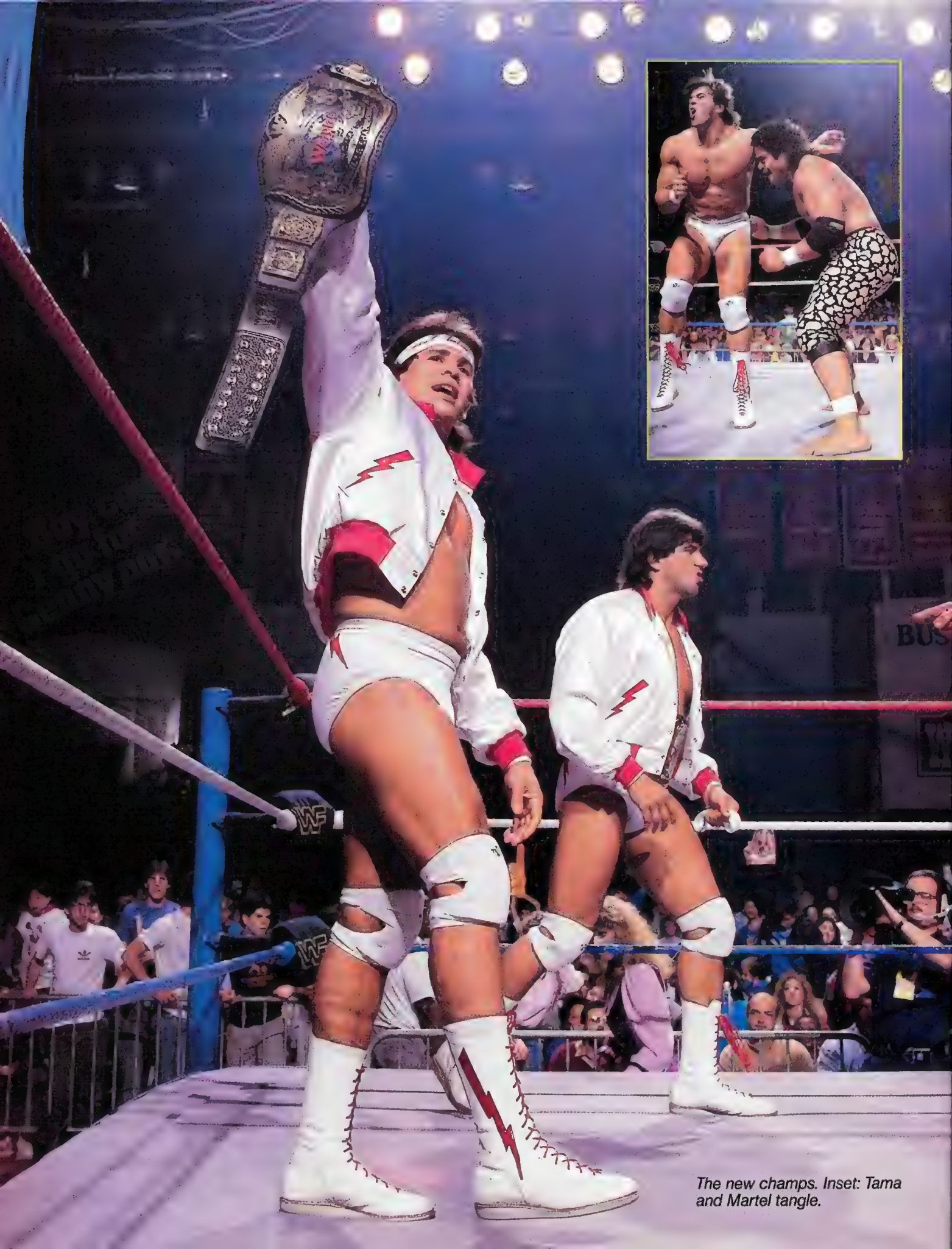
Beefcake knows all this. He knows he must get Valentine for practical reasons as well as pride.

"Greg Valentine," says Beefcake. "We were friends once. But no more and never again. You turned on me, Valentine. You stabbed me in the back. And you tried to put me out of wrestling. Well, let me tell you, Valentine, I'm coming after you. I'm not stopping until I teach you a lesson you'll never forget. In front of the whole world. You think you hurt me? You don't know nothing about hurting. But you will, Valentine. I promise you will. And so will that skinny little manager of yours. He needs a haircut even worse than you do."

So now Brutus is hunting Valentine. And Valentine and Hart are setting up an ambush. Who will triumph? It's hard to say, partly because the two grapplers know one another so well. They are totally familiar with one another's moves, given that they wrestled together as one of the top tag teams in the sport. They can anticipate attacks, and they know weaknesses.

Perhaps the difference lies with Hart. Brutus is on his own, without a manager or adviser. He now prefers it that way, trusting himself only. But Valentine has Hart. The Hammer can feed all he knows about Beefcake to Hart, who can probably use it to Brutus' disadvantage.

On the other hand, despite his fancy duds and posturing, Beefcake is a rugged individual who is used to plots and schemes. It will be difficult for Hart and Valentine to take him by surprise. Brutus, moreover, will be especially tough to bring down because of the way he feels about Valentine. From Beefcake's point of view, the battle with Valentine is for all the marbles. WF



The new champs. Inset: Tama and Martel tangle.

CAN STRIKE FORCE HOLD OUT?

The Title Is Besieged From All Sides

By Frank Henson

Strike Force—Rick Martel and Tito Santana—are the World Wrestling Federation Tag Team Champions. Their multitudes of fans are wild with joy. So are Santana and Martel. But how long will their joy last? Strike Force is beset with a host of fearsome challengers, including the former champions, the Hart Foundation, who have demanded and will get a rematch.

Any rematch between the two teams will be a brutal, no-holds-barred battle, as was the match that resulted in the title change in October. That war showed how close the two teams match up—it could have gone either way—and how fierce the vendetta is between the Foundation and Strike Force.

"We won, but we still have a score to settle with the Foundation," says Santana, "so we welcome a rematch."

"The Foundation went too far, just too far," says Martel. The scrappy Canadian refers to the Foundation's double-teaming of Martel's good friend and partner, Santana. For most of the match, the Foundation (Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart and Bret "Hit Man" Hart) keyed in on the muscular Santana, taking every opportunity they or their manager, Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, could

STRIKE FORCE

to cheap-shot the Mexican or abuse the legal tag trade-off time and get in more licks against him.

Santana was pounded and pulverized again and again as the Foundation worked him over. Hit Man's body shook with the force of his own blows as his fists crashed into Santana's body. The Anvil's face was a portrait of evil determination as he clenched his square jaw and rocked Santana with kicks, fists and bodyslams.

But no amount of punishment could topple Tito. He finally was able to crawl to Martel, who had been watching with dismay in the corner, and tag out. Martel, his French-Canadian fury blazing, locked a steel grip on Neidhart's legs and put on the submission hold known as the Boston crab.

The Boston crab involves forcing the opponent onto his belly, grabbing his legs and bending the spine the way it wasn't meant to go—backward. It is almost impossible to resist. Neidhart tried. He strained and set his massive legs against the pressure. But in the end he croaked out submission, and the title changed hands.

Neidhart and Hart contend that Martel's entrance into the ring was illegal. "The ref was blind," says the Anvil, trying to excuse the loss. In addition, Neidhart swears he never submitted. Is the Hart Foundation pumped for this rematch? You bet!

"This time we'll be ready," says Hit Man. "We want revenge. We want to show the world Strike Force was lucky. And we want to hurt Strike Force so bad they'll have to crawl out of the ring."

"We know what our success means," counters serious Santana. "We're going to have to work hard to stay atop all the contenders out there."

Santana is wise. Looking at the list of teams itching to get a shot at Strike Force if the Harts don't dethrone them, it is hard to imagine how Martel and Santana sleep at night.

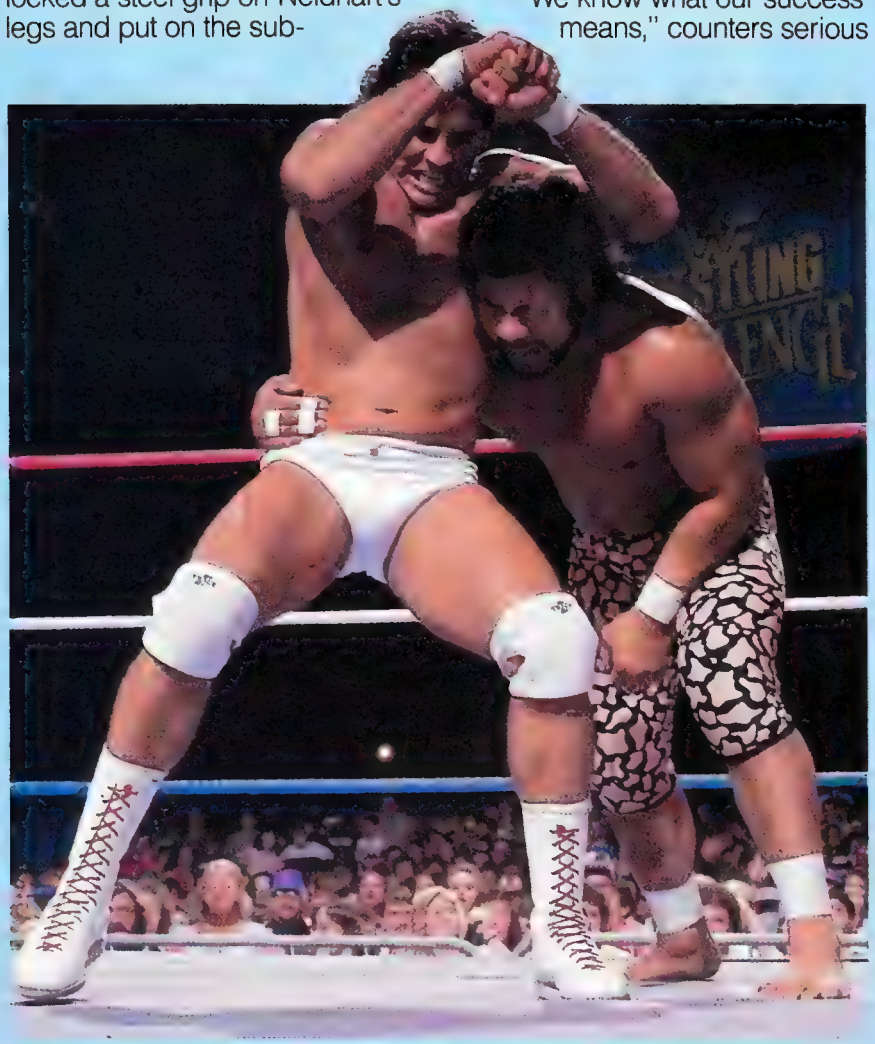
Consider those high-flying South Pacific warriors, the Islanders. Haku and Tama pose a very real technical threat to the champions.

Tama has one of the highest vertical leaps off the top turnbuckle and comes down on opponents without caring about the power of the impact. He seems impervious to pain. And his wild temper makes him extremely dangerous. Fighting barefoot in the style of his warrior ancestors, Tama does not bat an eyelid at the prospect of landing a rock-hard heel into the face of an opponent. He is the perfect companion to the calmer, stronger Haku.

Haku is the hunter of the Islanders. He stalks his prey, deliberate and sure-footed. His methodical approach tends to unnerve opponents and hides the swiftness with which he can move his enormous legs and arms when he wants. Haku is deceptively quick with his chops and kicks and has a smashing powerslam.

His favorite move, however, is a headbutt delivered on an opponent after Tama has hit the man from the air. Tagging in, Haku slips between the ropes, huge hands outstretched, poised to capture his victim. He grabs the wobbly target, pauses for a moment to allow realization to come to the doomed man's eyes, then strikes. Haku's forehead snaps forward with the force of a locomotive against the opponent's skull. End of match.

The Islanders' quick yet methodical style could make Strike Force adopt unorthodox defenses and throw off their more traditional wrestling style. The team from the South Pacific will



Santana comes down hard on the rugged Islander Haku. The Islanders are a potent threat.

be tough to fight off.

So, for other reasons, would be Demolition—Ax and Smash. They have house-wrecking power that does not vary from one member of the team to the other. Consider what they did not long ago to Brady Boone and Ken Patera and Billy Jack Haynes.

Boone and Scott Casey had been teamed against Demolition. At the end of the match, Ax and

When Strike Force and the Islanders meet, action is hot, heavy and often aerial (below). Both teams have solid wrestling skills and great speed and agility. Right: Martel gets double-teamed by a rugged Haku and Tama.

Smash double-teamed Boone. Ax held him while Smash repeatedly leapt from the top turnbuckle to deliver shocking elbow smashes to Boone's throat. Haynes, Boone's cousin, saw what was happening and rushed to the rescue, only to fall prey to the same throat smashes. Patera came to help Haynes and was hit with the same incredible maneuver.

The massacre was a good example of how Demolition methodically uses power to take apart opponents a piece at a time. Neither Santana nor Martel has the incredible strength of Demolition, so they will have to rely on speed and skill.

Whichever of the three challenging teams goes against Strike Force, there is another element that has a negative impact on them. Each of the challengers has a manager—Jimmy Hart in the case of the Foundation, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan for the Islanders, and Mr. Fuji for Demolition. Any one of these managers could map out a strategy for winning on the back of a matchbook. And each of them is a master at interfering from outside the ring. Strike Force has no such help. But Santana and Martel do have the title. And, they say, they will fight to the last breath to hold onto it. WF

PRIVATE EYE

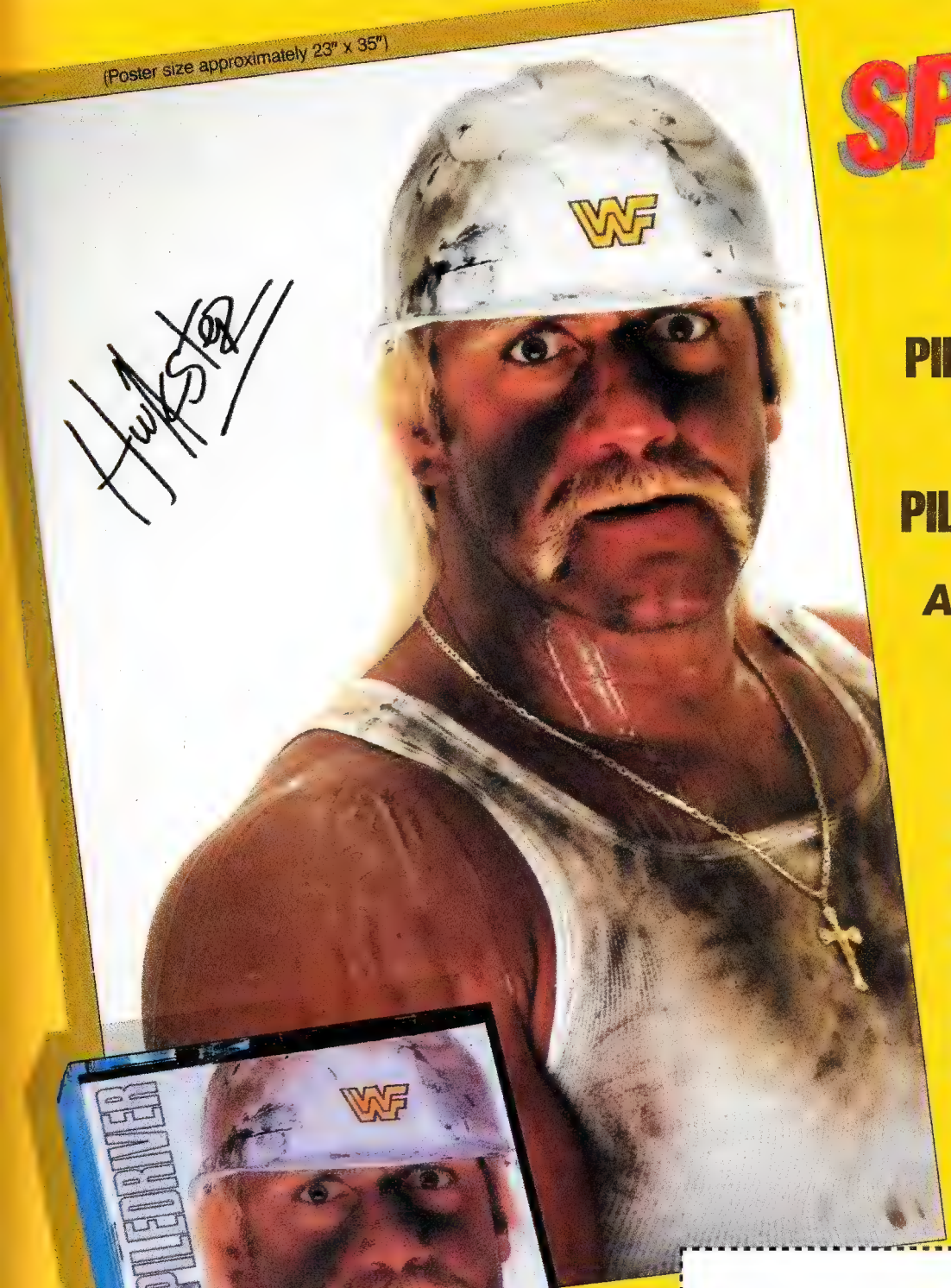
A Rare Glimpse at a Giant

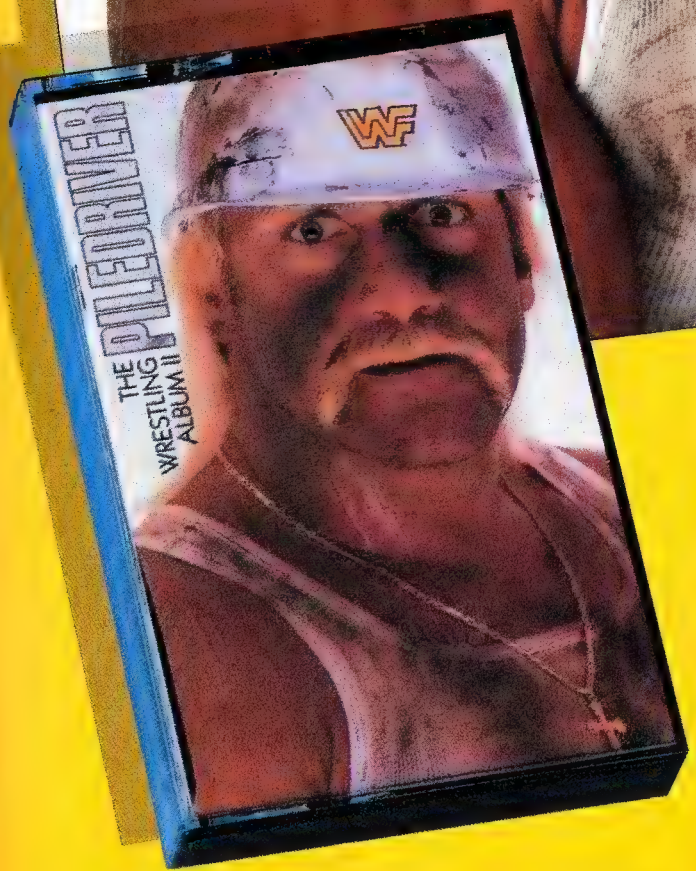
This issue brings you a very different *Private Eye*. It is shorter than usual, with but one photograph. That photograph, however, is a rarity. It shows Andre the Giant, feared challenger for the WWF Championship held by Hulk Hogan, in a private moment of relaxation at a Paris cafe.

Normally, our regular photographers obtain permission from WWF stars to shoot them for this column. Most readily agree. Not the Giant. His private life, he feels, is no one's business. Besides, he doesn't like photographers or, for that matter, television cameramen.

The photographer who took this shot stumbled upon Andre in Paris at a small cafe. Seizing his chance, he snapped away at Andre. The Giant caught a glimpse of the young photographer out of the corner of his eye and lunged to grab the man and his camera. The photographer fled, running as fast as he could. Although the photo was forwarded to us to print, the photographer has asked to remain anonymous. WF

(Poster size approximately 23" x 35")





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WWF LOWDOWN

Dangerous Danny Davis is fuming. He's raging mad at newcomer Sam Houston, that young country-rocking cowboy who whipped Danny good in Davis' first singles match on national television. Insiders say Davis thought that Houston would be a patsy because of his youth and apparent good nature. While Houston would go into the ring with sportsmanship in mind, Davis figured, he would be ripe for a cheap shot. Davis figured wrong and, with a bit of luck, was upended. Now Davis is staying up nights with manager Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart trying to scheme how to hurt Houston. The young range-rider had better watch his back or he'll be bushwhacked, if not by Davis and Hart, then by somebody they've paid to do it.

Even though the Soviet government seems to be trying to ease relations with the West, the Bolsheviks—Nikolai Volkoff and Boris Zhukov—are staying with the hard line as far as America is concerned. "Diplomacy, it is one thing," bellows Volkoff, "but Zhukov and me, we front-line fighters for Mother Russia. No diplomacy in the ring, especially with weak Americans."

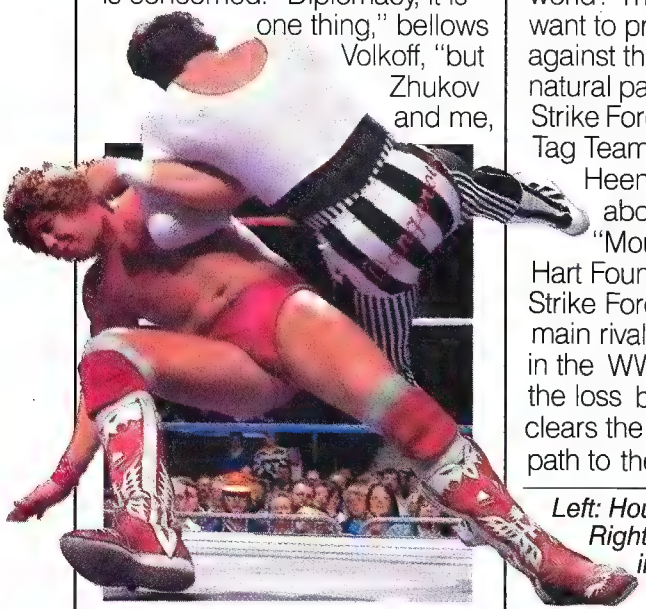
The Islanders are out to provoke everyone they come up against.

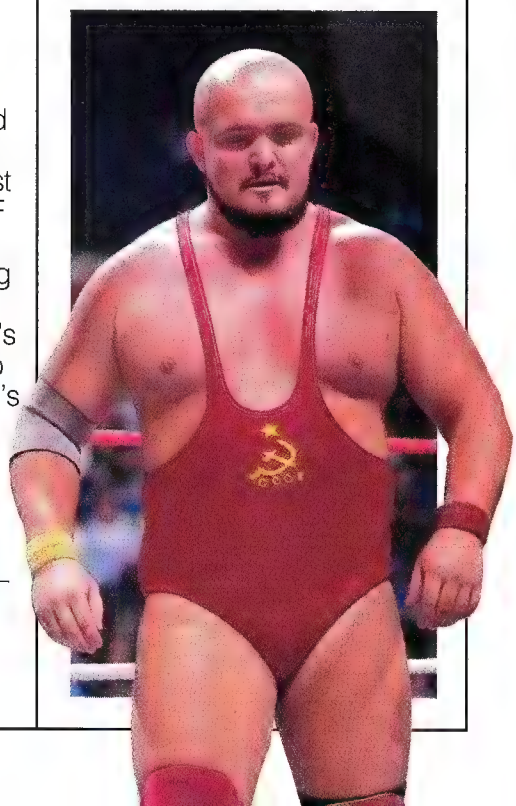
Speaking of the Bolsheviks, rumor is that Boris has to go to a special tailor to get a hat made big enough to fit his head.

Why are Islanders Haku and Tama playing so many dirty tricks on just about everybody they can? Sure, they've gone bad under Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, but why anger the world? The secret is out. They want to provoke so much hatred against themselves they'll be a natural pair for a title shot against Strike Force, holders of the WWF Tag Team Championship.

Heenan is privately smirking about fact that Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart's Hart Foundation lost the belts to Strike Force. First of all, Heenan's main rival as the top manager in the WWF is Hart. Second, the loss by the Foundation clears the way for the Islanders' path to the top. Hart's loss, Bobby figures, is Heenan's gain.

Hacksaw Jim Duggan says he knows that his feud with King Harley Race means rough times ahead. But Duggan says he's confident that he can deal with Race. "He thinks he's got a crown now. Wait until I crown him with my enforcer (Duggan's 2-by-4)." WF





Left: Houston armdrags Davis. Right: Boris Zhukov, known in some circles as the Mushroom Head.

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WRAP UP

Care for sonnets to accompany your sunset flips? Fans of mat action on the USA Network received both when they tuned in and found Leaping Lanny Poffo assisting with the color commentary. The resonant-voiced "poet laureate" of the World Wrestling Federation exhibited a keen eye for the nuances of the mat game and a knack for verse. Here's how Lanny characterizes former WWF Tag Team Championship co-holder Jim Neidhart:

Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart has a crewcut and a beard.

I'd say he looks like Elmer Fudd, but Elmer's not as weird.

Poffo is compiling a book of his poetry.

A television landmark was set with the World Wrestling Federation *Survivor Series* on Thanksgiving night. The between-the-ropes fireworks were made available to seven million households—the largest potential pay-per-view audience ever. For those of you who keep statistics: *WrestleMania III* was accessible to six million homes, while *WrestleMania 2* was received in four million.

Elizabeth. Above: Honky shoves her down in the now-infamous incident.

According to the Nielson television rating service, the WWF is also soaring on network TV. The October 3rd broadcast of NBC's *Saturday Night's Main Event*—the unforgettable program that included the Honky Tonk Man's shocking manhandling of Randy Savage's manager Elizabeth—received a 9.7 rating and a 30 share. That means that 30 percent of the television sets on at the time were tuned to the WWF ring wars.

Randy Savage was still smarting from the el-kabonging he took from the Honky Tonk Man's guitar on the program when he appeared with the lovely Elizabeth on a Southern California interview show October 30th. Savage told viewers of *AM Los Angeles*, on KABC, that he is thirsting for revenge against the Elvis impersonator and training to recapture the Intercontinental Title. Elizabeth maintained a quiet demeanor for her Tinseltown audience. With her looks and refined style, no more was necessary.

Making their first public appearance since claiming the WWF Tag Team Belts, Rick Martel and Tito Santana were showered with adulation during a visit to Spec's Records and Tapes in Miami, Florida, November 10th. The handsome combo signed autographs and accepted congratulations on their thrilling win over the Hart Foundation. But the main subject on the minds of the Strike Force members was the Robbie Dupree song, *Girls in Cars*, dedicated to them on the *Piledriver* album.

The tune was a major theme in a Strike Force segment seen on the Cable News Network October 23rd. Martel and Santana stated that the cut reflects their long fascination with lovely ladies mysteriously cruising by on the highway. Rocker Rick Derringer, an integral part of *Piledriver* and its predecessor

Above: Tito Santana and Rick Martel, two handsome guys who say they love Girls in Cars*—and girls and cars. Below: Hulk and the Boz.*

The Wrestling Album, was also featured on the segment. He discussed the strong and happy marriage of music and the World Wrestling Federation action.

Want to jump into a battle royal with Hulk Hogan, King Kong Bundy, Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat, Randy "Macho Man" Savage, George "The Animal" Steele, Rowdy Roddy Piper and the Junk Yard Dog—and walk away victorious and uninjured? LJN Toys is giving you the opportunity. The new line of stretch dolls permits a fan to twist Hulk's head, tangle Macho Man's legs and pin Bundy for three-count. You can invent new holds, crown yourself king of the grappling world and even break Bruno Sammartino's record for the longest World Wrestling Federation title reign.

He wanted to meet the Hulkster and see the World Wrestling Federation in action, so Brian Bosworth, "The Boz" of the Seattle Seahawks, and about 10 teammates came to the Seattle Center Coliseum to watch the fun and mayhem. They weren't disappointed. **WF**

WRESTLER'S REBUTTAL

Bobby "The Brain" Heenan replies to an article in the last issue on his secret plan to dethrone Hulk Hogan.

Sometimes this magazine publishes informative, interesting articles, as it did in the issue last fall with me on the cover. That was a great magazine. But you also publish garbage. I'm referring to a specific piece of garbage. It's the article in the January issue that says I have some kind of secret plan to knock the title belt off that big, blond bonehead Hulk Hogan. You thought you had it all figured out. Well, editors of *WWF Magazine*, you were had. Bamboozled. Whoever got you those papers that were supposed to be mine with that fool plan written on them took you to the cleaners.

In the first place, I never use notes. And, no matter what that stupid article said, I don't need to put my thoughts into a computer either. My brain is better than any computer. I remember everything. So the whole article is based on fake information.

Second, look at all the things that have happened since you published that article. The Heenan family is different now. I knew it would be, so why would I make plans the way you said I did? That'd be dumb. And I'm brilliant.

I don't need any big plans to dump Hogan. I've got the brains and my Family's got the muscle to do it whenever the time is right. It just isn't right now. So I'm going to wait until it is.

You blew it. Next time you want to know what's inside my brain, why don't you ask me?

Wrestlers Reply:

Hulk Hogan: I think that article was right. It sounds like Heenan. Sneaky. Sleazy, brother. But things went wrong for the Weasel, so now he's trying to deny it.

Rick Rude: My manager would never do anything so stupid. The article was bull.

Oliver Humperdink: I think your magazine did a good job of investigative reporting, and now Heenan's embarrassed about it.

Hercules: The Brain's got me. He doesn't need plans. Besides, I beat Hogan and got cheated out of it.

Ken Patera: I believe every word of it. It describes Heenan as a coward and sneak. That's what he is. WF

WWF CROSSWORD

By Larry Humber

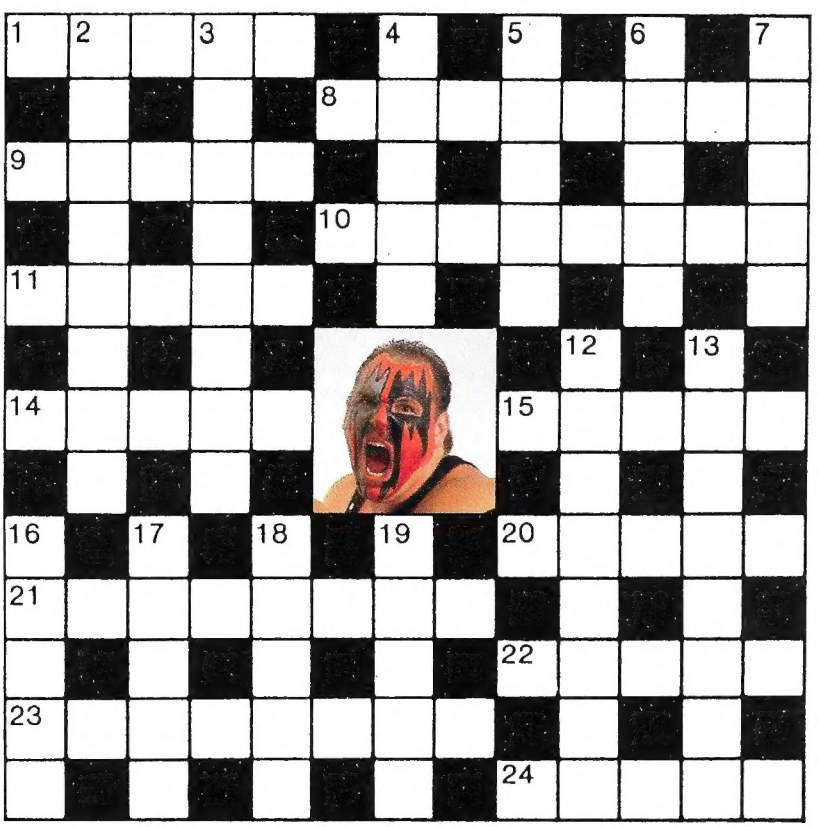
ACROSS

1 Ax's partner, pictured (5)
8 The "Macho Man's" Florida home (8)
9 Wrestling's Giant (5)
10 Home of wrestler Billy Jack Haynes and also of basketball's Trail Blazers (8)
11 Mr. Sammartino (6)
14 Tag team matches are often the best two out of three (5)
15 Former friend, now foe, of 9 Across (5)
20 Move furtively (5)
21 "Mean Gene" (8)
22 One of Jimmy Hart's stable (5)
23 He trimmed Adonis' locks in *WrestleMania III* (5)
24 Title now held by the Honky Tonk Man, _____-Continental (5)

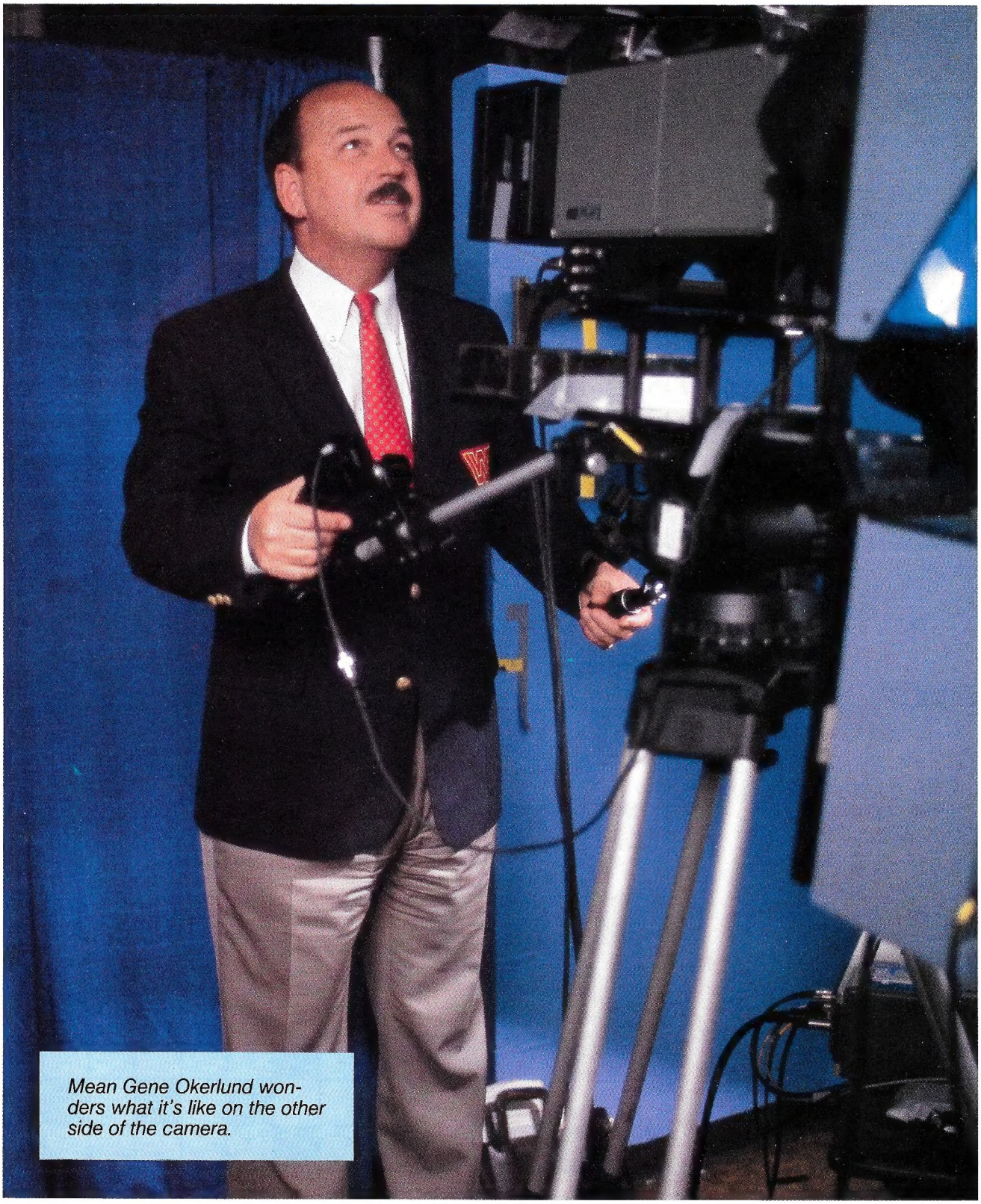
DOWN

2 Home of Dino Bravo (8)
3 Choke (8)
4 This island is home of both Sika and Siva Afi (5)
5 Stops (5)
6 Olympic wrestling style, Greco-_____ (5)
7 First name of the wrestler referred to in 8 Across (5)
12 Home of the wrestler referred to in 19 Down, Stone _____ (8)
13 Billy Graham's Arizona home, _____ Valley (8)
16 "The Brain's" first name (5)
17 Cut (5)
18 "The Doctor of Style" (5)
19 Damian is Jake Roberts' (5)

Answers to this puzzle will be published in the March WWF Magazine *on sale February 9*



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

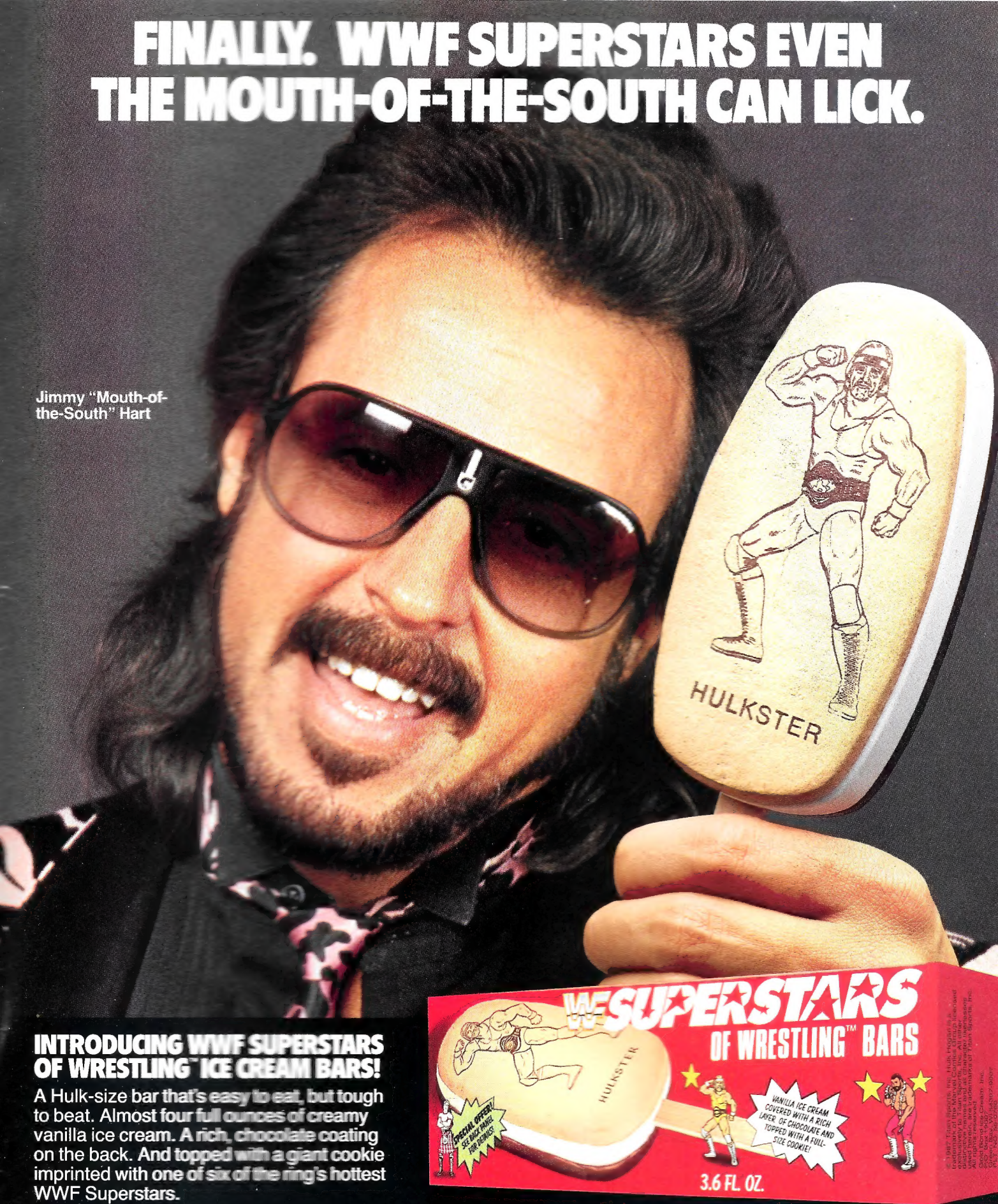


Mean Gene Okerlund wonders what it's like on the other side of the camera.

PHOTO: TOM BUCHANAN

FINALLY. WWF SUPERSTARS EVEN THE MOUTH-OF-THE-SOUTH CAN LICK.

Jimmy "Mouth-of-the-South" Hart



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Take it from the "Mouth." Once you lick 'em, you're gonna love 'em!

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The new WWF Stretch Wrestlers™ have just hit the mat and there's nothing else like 'em.

You can yank 'em, tie 'em, turn 'em, twist 'em, stretch 'em into real holds. Or str-r-r-etch your imagination, and create holds even The World Wrestling Federation Superstars can't do.

Like "The Human Pretzel," and "The Step-Over Triple Trouble Twisted Twister." The Stretch Wrestlers can give your imagination a real work-out.

Pin down all the new Stretch Wrestlers. And str-r-r-etch out all the thrills, all the fun of WWF Wrestling.

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BRING HOME ALL THE ACTION.

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